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MAUNDERINGS OF HUMANITARIANISM.

AS intelligence of the outbreak among the Chinese settlers in the Indian Archipelago has come too late to be of the slightest use in the elections—where, indeed, it might have inconveniently interfered with the useful fraud concerning YEH's disavowal by his EMPEROR—there seems no reason why it should not be discussed with tolerable impartiality and reasonable regard for truth. It appears to give quite a new character to the contest in which the courage, zeal, and prudence of Sir JOHN BOWRING have involved us.

The importance of this news arises from its leading to the conclusion that we are at war, not with the Emperor of CHINA, nor with the Celestial Empire, nor with the "Middle Kingdom," nor with any fiction, either respectable or absurd, but with the entire Chinese race. The feeling that there is a life-and-death struggle between the Europeans and the people of China has spread even to the hewers of wood and drawers of water who have collected round the European colonies in all the Indian seas. Now, *a priori*, there is a strong improbability that these self-exiled Chinese would have any great sympathy with the popular passions of their fatherland. It is, we believe, against the positive law of China to emigrate—certainly it is against the habits and instincts of the race; and it is only the overwhelming pressure of population which squeezes out an infinitesimal proportion of the Chinese millions, and casts them on foreign soil. The adventurers are emphatically men without hearth or home—recreants who have deserted the bones of their ancestors—Pariahs of the people. Yet even these outcasts appear to have received the contagion of hatred through some mysterious channel; and, though living under English rule, and in full sight of our appliances of war, they are preparing to risk attacks on masters to whom they have hitherto rendered the obedience of menials. Of course they will be put down, and generally with even more completeness than they seem to have been in the hybrid principality of Sarawak. But, reasoning from their conduct to the far hotter fanaticism which must reign in the Empire itself, let us ask whether we have not entangled ourselves in difficulties of which sophistry and bullying will vainly strive to disguise the extreme seriousness. Have we really three hundred millions of men for our enemies? Are we actually to go through the operation which is called "reading a lesson" to a great fraction of the human race? If this be so, we make a present to the *Times* of General ASHBURNHAM, and we cheerfully concede that we had better ship Aldershot on board the Great Eastern, and send our most smashing general to begin the work in earnest. The Emperor of CHINA is no more formidable to our arms than the painted canvas of one of his own sham batteries; but the people of China can offer a resistance not pleasant to contemplate. There is much danger that all the peppering which the English army and navy can administer will have about as much effect on them as firing snipe-shot into a French mattress.

A few weeks ago, there was much exultation that we were not at war with the Emperor of CHINA. We can only express our sincere regret that we are not at war with him. In addition to the other uses of a regular Government, it has the convenience of knowing when it is beaten, and of being able to force its subjects to act upon that knowledge. The persons who preside over a vast and complex system of administration feel disturbances of any part of it with a sensitiveness not at all shared by those who only know Government as an engine of restraint. When Sebastopol was taken, it was not the people but the Government of Russia which acknowledged itself worsted; and so in the last

Chinese war, the capture of Nankin caused, not the people of China but the Court at Pekin to confess at length a conclusive defeat. The force of the Government was, in fact, exerted in both cases on the side of the victorious belligerent, in compelling submission to terms of peace which the members of the community in detail could never have been forced to listen to. But the Emperor of CHINA—paralyzed, probably, by the disorganization which the rebellion has introduced into his dominions—leaves us to fight out our quarrel with the subjects he pretends to rule. How is such a war to be waged? How are we to contend with a population which, massacre it as we may, will instantly close over the void like parted water? How are we to infuse respect for our arms into the dwellers along the Great Wall, or into the inhabitants of the provinces on the Siamese frontier? All the proposals which our advisers offer us are clearly founded on the assumption that there is something like a Government in China. There is, of course, not the slightest use in an expedition directed even against Pekin, unless the EMPEROR at Pekin has power to make his orders obeyed by the population along his seaboard; and it will be trouble wasted to seize a dozen more ports on the coast, unless there is an Administration to regularize the tea-trade, and to protect English merchants from the hostility of the neighbours on whom they have intruded their company. Yet, so far as we can be said to have any information about China, we have reason to believe that Government is altogether in abeyance. The EMPEROR neither formally adopts YEH's proceedings nor formally disavows them. The war seems, therefore, to be with the Chinese themselves; and if so, it is a war of a kind and character unknown in history.

If the English troops, with their allies, are obliged to enter upon this contest, it is sickening to think what butchery and shambles-work await them before they can make an impression even on the portions of the population within their reach. The Chinese will offer no effectual resistance; but it is clear that they will take a vast amount of killing before their passions are quenched. Sir JAMES BROOKE allows that he and his Dyaks killed, at Sarawak, 2000 out of 4000 Chinese denizens, almost all of the slain being grown men; and yet he does not pretend to consider himself safe from the vengeance of the remainder. YEH is said to have put to death 70,000 persons in a single province, in order to suppress a rebellion which breaks out again as soon as the disputes with the English give it a chance of revival. The efforts of our men to read the Chinese their lesson will probably be limited by the natural reluctance of Englishmen to pour out such rivers of blood without visible result; but, otherwise, there is no reason why the slaughter should not continue till the Chinese learn at last, by our example, the way to fight us. M. HUC tells us it is a great mistake to suppose the Chinese destitute of military capacity. He argues that they are quite right to run away from us at present, considering that they have no discipline which can enable them to meet a charge of bayonets, and no gunpowder which will carry a ball over a third of the range of an English musket. But he asserts that, if their eternally ridiculous traditions of warfare ceased to influence them, and if they could once learn to imitate the warlike manufactures of Europe, and to practise European drill, their numbers, skill, sobriety, patience, and contempt of pain and death would convert them into material for troops infinitely more formidable than Russian serfs. Sir JOHN BOWRING has already converted the Siamese to Free-trade by a series of public lectures at Bangkok—it will be one more flower in his crown if it turns out that, with no other appliance than a series of demonstrative experiments, he has undertaken and carried through the military education of the Chinese.

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS AND OXFORD EXAMINERS.

THE first thing the reformers of Oxford Examinations have to do is to reform the mode of appointing the Examiners. At present, as our Oxford readers are aware, the Examiners are alternately appointed by the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors for the time being. The Vice-Chancellorship passes down the list of Heads according to seniority; and the Proctorships travel round the colleges according to a certain cycle, and are filled up within each college, not by election, but by the nomination of the senior Fellow of a certain academical standing who chooses to accept the office. Nominally, the University in Convocation has a veto on the appointment of Examiners, but such vetoes are invariably and notoriously dead letters. Nobody is found (especially in a limited society) to take the initiative in the exercise of so invidious a power. Thus these appointments, on which the standard of knowledge among the students and the fair distribution of honours depend, are in effect reduced to private patronage, exercised without check by persons for whose fitness there is no guarantee. The Examinerships are held only for two years; and the salary is too small to secure any man's undivided services, much more those of a first-rate man.

From these combined causes several evils result. In the first place, very unsatisfactory appointments (to use the mildest expression) are often made. Oxford Vice-Chancellors and Proctors are honourable men—but they are men. They have friends, fellow-collegians, and partisans, and they will not use patronage entirely as a trust. In one society, indeed, it was for some time, if it is not now, a positive rule of etiquette, that the appointment should never go out of College; and the most unfortunate nomination within our recollection resulted from the faithful observance of this rule. Generally speaking, the nominator prefers a member of his own College, if one be found in his opinion duly qualified; and the standard of qualification is apt to adjust itself to the character of the College. But the most public-spirited Vice-Chancellor or Proctor is really often limited in his choice to a very small sphere, the appointments recurring so frequently, and the remuneration being insufficient to tempt any one who is not holding some other place at Oxford. The consequence is, that any attempt to improve the subject-matter of examination in the schools is liable to be defeated by the absence of a corresponding improvement in the Examiners; and scarcely has the Philosophy School been brought by a few able and well-read men to something like the level of knowledge in the present day, when the College Tutors and Private Tutors drag it back again to that murky abyss of pseudo-Aristotelian tradition from which few of them have had time or energy to emerge.

In the next place, from the frequent change of Examiners and the want of any regulating power, there results a fluctuation in the style of examination, according to individual tendencies and fancies, which is extremely embarrassing to the candidates, and in its effects extremely unjust. This is particularly the case in subjects so susceptible of various views and various modes of treatment as philosophy and history. But the fluctuations extend even beyond the style of the examination in particular subjects—they extend to the subjects themselves. Logic was at one time ejected from the Philosophy School by the ascendancy of the friends of Progress among the examiners; but it revived without notice upon the return of the friends of Order. Even party feeling finds its expression, at the expense of the candidates, in these changes of the style of examination; and we could name an instance in which a gentleman, who could not otherwise have been selected, was put in to give the Philosophy School a Conservative tendency, manifestly on the strength of his theological views. The first conditions of examinations which are to regulate the studies of the University, and through the University of other places of education, is that they should be as uniform as the progress of knowledge will permit, and at all events exempt from sudden and unauthorized variations.

Another evil (if we should rather not call it an abuse) which results from the present system, is the constant appointment of College Tutors and Private Tutors to act as Examiners, their own pupils being among the candidates. This is a position in which no man of delicacy would willingly suffer himself to be placed. It involves a conflict between two irreconcileable duties. A tutor must know what will be the character of the examination, so far as he is concerned; and whether he uses that knowledge, or does not use it, in pre-

paring his pupil for the examination, he equally does injustice. But the fact is, he cannot help reproducing his teaching in his examination papers, and thereby giving his pupil an unjust advantage, especially in those branches of knowledge in regard to which teaching varies greatly, according to the individual mind. We will venture to say that the candidate who possesses notes of an Examiner's private lectures in philosophy has an advantage of not less than twenty per cent. on that Examiner's questions. And when it comes to the decision, another conflict of duties arises. Is the Examiner to press what he, perhaps, most conscientiously believes to be his pupil's claims to an honour, or is he not to press them? The result probably is, that he abstains from voting, and perhaps from directly expressing his opinion; but he still exercises an influence on the decision, which, as his colleagues will in their turn be in the same predicament, it is not difficult to do. There used, we believe, to be a rule of delicacy which forbade an examiner to continue taking private pupils; but this rule has been broken through, and examiners now "cram" candidates up to the time of the examination. The consequences of this most sinister system are not doubtful. It leads to partiality in the distribution of honours which, it must be remembered, are not the private property of the University, but a national trust. And this is a grievance which, in plain language, is not to be endured.

The first thing is, that the University should take the appointment of the Examiners, and with it the conduct of the Examinations, really into her own hands. It is her duty, perhaps her most important duty; she is responsible to the nation for its exercise; she has no right to delegate it if she would; and the idea that the interests or prejudices of the colleges can claim to be considered in the matter, is not for a moment to be entertained. The second thing is, that the salary should be made sufficiently good to secure the undivided services of really first-rate men, unconnected with college or private tuition, able to judge fairly between all the candidates, and who may keep the college and private tuition up to the mark by the influence of independent examinations, instead of lowering the examination, as it is lowered now, to the level of the tuition. The third thing is, that in order to secure greater experience, and preserve uniformity in the style of the examination, the appointments should be for a longer period. For our part, we believe that many of the Professors would be far more usefully employed in conducting the examinations than in any other way; and this is the only mode in which, at the present day, they can exercise a real and rational influence on the studies of the place. The lectures of Professors, unlike those of the Tutors, would, of course, be open alike to all, so that no one would in that respect have an unfair advantage. This, however, is a matter of opinion; and we know that the name of a Professor excites as much extravagant alarm on one side as it does extravagant enthusiasm on the other. What is not a matter of opinion, but of plain duty, is, that Oxford should, from some quarter or other, find thoroughly competent and impartial persons to discharge a momentous trust.

PARLIAMENT v. THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE *Quarterly Review* has presented us with the reverse of the medal struck by the *Edinburgh* in honour of the new Parliament. The Whig organ having ingeniously demonstrated that the late House of Commons was incurably bad, and that its successor is incomparably good, the *Tory Reviewer* proves, equally to his own satisfaction, that the old House was the model of a representative assembly, and that the newly-elected Parliament is everything that is base, contemptible, and weak. Opposite as these views may seem, there is one tendency very apparent in the disquisitions of the rival journalists—however they may differ in other respects, they are perfectly agreed in their anxiety to depreciate the reputation of Parliamentary Government.

Parliament is intolerable, and must be got rid of, says the *Edinburgh*, if it will not support Lord PALMERSTON's Government. What is the use of a House of Commons, cries the *Quarterly*, elected to support such a Minister? We confess we have the misfortune to be unable to agree entirely with either of these eminent authorities. We are hardly prepared to judge the great fundamental principles of our Constitution by either of the tests thus proposed to us. The Representative Government of England is the bulwark

of our own freedom, and the hope of subjugated Europe; and those politicians who seek to discredit and decry it are no true friends, either to their own country or to mankind. Partisans may be dissatisfied with the constitution of a body which does not exactly reflect their own particular opinions, or further their political projects; but after all, Parliament, elected by the free suffrages of the English people, is the form of Government which has made this country what it is, and which will yet, we trust, in spite of the reviewers, make it all that it is capable of becoming. At least, if it be not so, we have no other hope in reserve.

As regards the tirade of the *Edinburgh Review* against the constitution and conduct of the late House of Commons, we can but say that that House seems to us to have performed fairly the duty of a Parliament, inasmuch as it substantially represented the opinion of the country. It is all very well to sneer at the insincerity of the issue on which it was chosen; but to any one who will candidly consider its career, it will be abundantly evident that it did effectively reflect public feeling. The Parliament of 1852 was elected under the auspices of Lord DERBY; and the fate of his Administration was sealed by a very narrow majority, scarcely greater than that which led to the recent dissolution. If Lord DERBY had frankly accepted the principles of Free Trade, and if his Government had shown itself capable of carrying out a policy of commercial reform, the Administration of 1852 might have received the support of the House of Commons. But the opinion of the nation was clear and distinct, and Parliament truly embodied that opinion when it refused its confidence to a Government which was neither willing nor able to give effect to a liberal commercial policy. Hence, from its very commencement, the late House showed that, in spite of the delusive pretences of the hustings, it was a genuine representative assembly. The majority of the country was in favour of a Free Trade policy, and the first act of the new Parliament was to constitute a Free Trade Administration. With the exception of the appointment of the Sebastopol Committee, no member of the Government of Lord ABERDEEN has any ground to complain of a Legislature by which that Government was steadily supported. Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget was carried through the House of Commons, in spite of an able and pertinacious opposition, by majorities four times greater than that which had terminated the Administration of Lord DERBY. At a later period, when the war, like AARON's rod, had swallowed up all other questions, the House of Commons reflected, with equal fidelity, the sentiments, the impulses, and even the prejudices of the public. Whatever, may now be thought of the justice of the sentence passed on the Aberdeen Government, the vote which pronounced it was certainly dictated by the popular voice; and Lord DERBY himself acknowledged that, at that moment, no Administration could be framed which did not include Lord PALMERSTON's name as the pledge of a policy which the country demanded. Once more, the House of Commons—still, as we believe, true to its representative function—gave to the new Government of the day a faithful and ungrudging support; whilst the view which Parliament took of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's conduct at Vienna was exactly in accordance with public opinion. It will be said that the last and fatal vote of the late House was a proof that it inadequately represented the sentiments of the country; but, without reopening a worn-out subject, it is enough to reply that the public out of doors had but little interested itself in the Chinese question, and that the decision of Parliament cannot be said to have been in contradiction to a national feeling which had never been expressed. At the same time, it should be remembered that not a tithe even of the Palmerstonian candidates professed on the hustings to approve the conduct of Sir J. BOWRING, which alone Mr. COBDEN's motion condemned. We repeat, then, that nothing can be, historically, more untrue than the charge brought against the late House of Commons by Ministerial partisans, of want of sympathy with the feelings and wishes of the country.

We see as little foundation for the dismal prognostications of the *Quarterly Review* as for the censorious retrospect of the *Edinburgh*. It appears to us that a Tory writer who professes himself utterly dissatisfied with the existing constitution of Parliament is in a somewhat false position. Parliament is, after all, and we hope will long continue to be, the only instrument by which this country can be governed. A Radical Reformer may, if he pleases, complain of the results of the present representative system—it is his vocation. But the most retrograde Tory in the country can hardly

hope to alter that system in any mode which he would consider an improvement. If, therefore, he cannot go on with it as it is, he has no choice but to give up public affairs as hopeless. He must secede from public life, as so many respectable and educated Americans have done, to their own great discredit, and to the serious injury of their country. But this is the tone of spoilt children, and of ill-disciplined and inferior minds. It may do for the CROKERS and the ELDONS, but not for statesmen and patriots. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in his speech on the occasion of the death of Sir R. PEEL, thoughtfully and sagaciously pointed out, as one of the principal claims of the deceased statesman to public admiration and gratitude, that he had stuck by his colours, and not despaired of his cause after the deadly blow struck at the Tory party by the Reform Act. All the whining and croaking of the *Quarterly Review* as to the composition of the new Parliament, seems to us unmanly, unpatriotic, and unstatesmanlike. After all, it is an English Parliament elected by the English people; and if there are any politicians who do not know how to deal with such a body, all that we can say is, that we doubt very much whether they are fit to be English Ministers. The constituencies may be, and probably often are, led astray by foolish cries, and governed by erroneous sentiments; and when that is the case, the House of Commons will certainly in fact—and, we venture to say, undoubtedly—ought in theory—to represent those very errors. A Parliament would be a very bad representative assembly if it placed itself in direct hostility to the feelings of the majority of the people. SOLON understood the theory of constitutional government better than the *Quarterly Reviewer*, when he said, "I have given the Athenians, not the best laws which can be, but the best which they can bear;" and a popular election accomplishes its true purpose when it gives us, not perhaps the best possible Parliament, but the best which public opinion at the time will bear. What we want in the House of Commons is, not a sympathesometer which fluctuates with every passing cloud, but a barometer which shall indicate the real variations of the political atmosphere. To demand that the instrument should stand at "set fair" when it is pouring out of doors, is about as wise as was the conduct of the gentleman who, in his horror of east winds, always tied his weathercock to point west during the months of March and April. The *Quarterly Reviewer* does not seem to perceive that the charges which he brings against the new Parliament are, in fact, an impeachment of the English people. But those who aspire to govern the English people must learn to understand, and not to scold them.

We are among those who think that changes might be advantageously introduced in the constitution of the electoral body, but we see no ground for the denunciations which the *Quarterly Review* launches at the recently-elected Parliament. We perceive no reason either to doubt that the new House of Commons very fairly represents public opinion, or to predict that it will not transact with tolerable efficiency the business of the country. We do not infer, from the favourable disposition which the constituencies have shown towards Lord PALMERSTON, that there will be any unworthy or servile submission to the person or policy of the Minister. If the Tory party have lost votes at the elections, it is simply because, under the conduct of their present leaders, they had previously lost credit and influence in the country. The Liberal party have reaped the advantage of the decline of their adversaries in public favour. The cry of "PALMERSTON for ever" was successful, as much because there was no competition as for any other reason—the PREMIER walked over the course because all his rivals had paid forfeit. But it is a delusion, into which only the interested or the ignorant can fall, to suppose that the cry of the hustings will permanently govern the policy of the Parliament any more than it will fix the opinion of the country. It was the great Protectionist majority of 1841 which repealed the Corn Laws in 1846; and at both periods alike, Parliament duly represented public feeling and conviction. There seems no reason to suppose that the Parliament of 1857 will be found more partisan in its constitution or more obstinate in its predilections than that of 1841. If Lord PALMERSTON produces good measures, and pursues a really Liberal policy, we shall be as ready as Mr. HAYTER to cry "PALMERSTON for ever;" but should he adopt the programme which the *Quarterly Review* obligingly chalks out for him, we are convinced that the House of Commons will speedily exchange that compendious creed for a very different formula.

Parliament is, no doubt, prepared to give to the Govern-

ment of Lord PALMERSTON a fair and favourable trial, because such is the clearly-expressed will of the country; but England has committed her interests to a steward—not surrendered them to a Dictator. The tenure of an English Minister is not like that of an American President, who, in virtue of the temporary cry which has secured his election, holds office for a fixed term, and exercises an authority wholly independent of public opinion. Lord PALMERSTON holds only *quamdiu se bene gesserit*; and we have a right to expect of the Parliament which is just assembled, that it will act as an intelligent and impartial arbiter to judge between the Government and the country.

THE LAST STAGE OF MORMONISM.

MORMONISM now presents the aspect of a disintegrating power in the American Union. Its political existence, essentially inconsistent with the Federal Government, has now come into direct collision with the supreme power. It is not only a religious community, but an *imperium in imperio*, of the kind which invariably, sooner or later, develops into an *imperium contra imperium*. Curiously enough, it exhibits in its most extravagant form that very aspect for which Romanism in full swing has been charged—and not altogether without reason—as being anti-social, and a political treason. The Church supersedes the State. It presents just that state of things which was found, in the case of Judaism, to be inconsistent with the Roman Empire. When Judea was incorporated into the Empire, it received Imperial Governors, and the municipal law of the State; but the actual condition of Utah is as though CAIAPHAS were Procurator in the place of PONTIUS PILATE, and chose to supersede Roman law, Roman taxation, and Roman officials, by the Sanhedrim. Either, then, Utah must cease to belong to the United States, or the Supreme Government of Washington must make itself felt on the banks of the Salt Lake. The base and unworthy compromise which made BRIGHAM YOUNG Governor of the Territory of Utah—that is, which gave him official recognition as a servant and minister of the Federal Union—has broken down. The law of the States cannot be administered, and the judicial representative of the Federation resigns office in despair. YOUNG was appointed because he was a partisan of President PIERCE—it remains to be seen whether President BUCHANAN will consent to become his tool, or will vindicate the supremacy of the Federal Government. Vigorous measures are promised—an army is to be marched into the rebellious Territory, and the officers of law are to be maintained in their posts by military occupation. In the meanwhile, Governor YOUNG is a traitor. He has destroyed the archives of the Supreme Court—he has cancelled the proceedings of the judges, released their prisoners, defied their law, reversed their sentences, and murdered their representatives. He administers a law—that of the Saints—unknown to the constitution, by which he imprisons all “Gentile” immigrants; and he organizes a secret society—that of the “Danites”—with full powers to poison or expel all American citizens who will not accept the spiritual and temporal dictates of “the Church.” In a word, by a curious combination of JOHN OF LEYDEN and the Lebanon fanatics, a system of assassination has superseded all government and civilization.

Although it was quite certain that, sooner or later, it would come to this, the present emergency seems a convenient one for fighting out the battle. This was, in fact, the very issue on which JOE SMITH lost his life—though, by mismanagement, he won a dubious martyrdom. He, too, though not, like his successor, a salaried officer of the Union, came into political conflict with the supreme power. He illegally suppressed a newspaper and seized its types. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, and was duly executed; and it was during his legal custody in the gaol of Syracuse that he was murdered by the mob. There is no likelihood of this outbreak of Lynch law being repeated; for there is no exasperated and insulted population in Utah, as there was at Nauvoo, to expel the Mormons from their territory. It is perhaps as well that the tumour has ripened—it is now fit for the knife. There is not the least occasion, under present circumstances, for dealing with the religious element of Mormonism. The thing is a political wrong, to be remedied by political means. Mormonism will be best suppressed by keeping it concentrated at Utah—it must be trampled out on the spot, and the fiery elements must not be carried about, like live coals, to another settlement, to kindle another anti-social con-

flagration in another Deseret. The triumph of the Mormons was in the murder of SMITH and in the Lynch-law executed at Nauvoo; but the mistake of expulsion is not likely to be repeated, nor must another Mormon emigration be allowed. It is not for us to anticipate the policy of the Washington Government—we will only remark that all that seems to be required is to deal with the Mormon chiefs. Tarquin's policy will be the soundest. When BRIGHAM YOUNG and the twelve who act as Apostles are dealt with according to law, Utah may very reasonably be left to itself. The actual population of the Territory, when under the wholesome discipline of law, will soon lose the character of a religious and anti-social organization. We believe that a revolution of this kind will be readily accepted by the people. They are the victims of a tyranny and delusion from which they will be glad to be emancipated. Two-thirds of the population, it has been ascertained, are unable to read and write, and, incapable as they are of redressing their grievances, they will welcome any change. Most of the immigrants are disappointed men, submissive, because impoverished, and only held in subordination and external communion with the Saints because their means are exhausted and their labour mortgaged to their oppressors. The English, Scotch, and German recruits of Mormonism have, as far as we can judge from recent accounts, found out their mistake after a very brief experience of life at the Great Salt Lake; and settlers of Teutonic origin would thankfully accept the restoration of law and order. It may be questioned whether, in the case of the majority, religious fanaticism was the original, or at least the paramount motive for emigration. The land flowing with milk and honey, rather than the spiritual privileges which Mormonism offered, was the substantial attraction to the victims. And of late the numbers of the community have actually diminished. The delusion has passed the culminating point; and among the elements of Mormon dissolution the prominence of late given to polygamy will be found the most influential—“of late,” we say, because some years ago its existence was obstinately denied. Polygamy can never be enjoyed by the multitude—in the East it is, and always has been, a privilege of the wealthy few.

The end of Mormonism began when the head of its hierarchy was forced by circumstances to become the mere secular representative of the Union. Prophet YOUNG virtually ceased to reign when Governor YOUNG first touched his salary. The only chance for Mormonism was to keep clear of political claims—Judaism could never have survived until now unless it had been a distinct nationality. To live at all, the Mormons must be a separate people—the Utah Territory and Zion are irreconcileable. A Theocracy and a Federal Government cannot work together; and that Mormonism is a Theocracy in its coarsest and most repulsive form, we have the testimony of one of their preachers. “Since I became a Mormon,” he says, “I know who God is, and where he is; and I know if I ask him a favour, if it's right, he'll grant it me. I mean BRIGHAM YOUNG; for he is my God, and I don't want to know anything about any other God.” It may be that it is no disparagement to BRIGHAM YOUNG's political sagacity that he accepted office under the Federal Government. He could not, perhaps, escape the dilemma; but it was a blunder for his divinity to accept the post. It now remains to be seen whether he has any military talents, or whether the Danite Legion will support him. The only chance in his favour is the inaccessibility of Utah. The spectacle, however, of a Federal army advancing on a Territory in rebellion will not be without its significance, perhaps its use, in other quarters. The Utah campaign will possibly be the first of a series.

THE CHIEF OF THE DIRECTORS.

THE British Bank proceedings in Basinghall-street have reached their climax in the examination of Mr. HUMPHREY BROWN. This gentleman, whose name shed so much lustre on the Bank which was honoured by his support, has maintained in the Court of Bankruptcy the supremacy which he asserted in the Board Room at the South Sea House. His statement is as far beyond the confessions of his brother directors, as his debt exceeded theirs. We thought the graceful narrative of Mr. ESDAILE, and the high-minded vindication of Mr. APSLEY PELLATT, incomparable, until the great master appeared, and threw all rivals into the shade. The peculiar merit of Mr. BROWN lies in the unconscious simplicity with which he relates the series of transactions which make up the history of

his connexion with the Royal British Bank. We need not call them "fraudulent," as Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD did. Fraudulent dealings are common enough, and the word altogether fails to convey any notion of the quiet audacity with which Mr. BROWN set to work to extract the greatest possible amount of nourishment out of his milch cow in the City. There was no affectation about his proceedings at all—no pretence of keeping a balance at first, for appearances' sake. Mr. BROWN was above such petty tricks. No sooner was he on the Board than he commenced operations in earnest. The very qualification which entitled him to that honourable position was never paid for, and the new Director straightway transferred his valuable account to the Bank which he condescended to patronize. If it had not been for the prestige of having such a customer as Mr. BROWN, the first day's work might have seemed rather unfavourable to the interests of the young institution. It consisted of the payment in of 18*l.* 1*4s.* to open the account, and the simultaneous abstraction of 2000*l.* on Mr. BROWN's note of hand, which, it is superfluous to say, was never honoured. But, as Mr. BROWN observed, he would have been surprised if Mr. CAMERON had hesitated to let him have such a sum as 2000*l.* without security. It is true, it was one of the regular terms of business of the bank that no one should have discount unless the balance of his drawing account was at least one-fourth of the amount of his current bills; but that was the Scotch system, which Mr. BROWN did not adopt in his own case, because he thought it very unsound, and very different from the business of London. So Mr. BROWN went on the sound principle of having all his transactions one way—from the Bank to the Director. They were quite insignificant sums at first—3000*l.* in March, 4000*l.* in May, 7000*l.* in June, and so on; but gradually, in the course of a year or two, the account showed the respectable total of 70,000*l.*, or thereabouts, to the debit of the worthy Director.

This continuous progression from 18*l.* 1*4s.* in his favour in 1853, to 70,000*l.* against him in 1855, is on a scale of which Mr. BROWN is rather proud than otherwise, as he appears to measure his importance in the world by the magnitude of his transactions, without much reference to their other peculiarities. He was a little ashamed of the smallness of the first 2000*l.* affair, and thought it necessary to state, by way of exculpation, that he had been doing business to the extent of half a million. However, he was not long open to the charge of dealing in insignificant amounts. But it is the method rather than the extent of his transactions which is especially worthy of notice. Mr. BROWN himself evidently derives much satisfaction from contemplating the successful, though rather obvious, devices by which he covered his incessant demands on the funds of the corporation. After he had kept his private run on the Bank going for some months, it occurred to him or his friend, Mr. CAMERON, that it would be as well to have some sort of security. Nothing was easier than to throw in a ship or two to make things safe; and accordingly, in June 1853, the *Helen Lindsay*, and subsequently a number of other ships, were transferred to the Bank by bills of sale, which it was agreed should not be registered. Every one concerned knew that the mere bill of sale, without the registry, was absolutely worthless—or, what amounts to the same thing, that its value depended on Mr. BROWN's honour. If he chose to sell or mortgage the ship to any one else, in fraud of the Bank, there was no law to prevent him from doing so. Of course he did choose to do what was so obviously to his interest; and he rather curiously selected the then Governor of the Bank, Mr. WALTON, as the mortgagee of the ships already pledged to secure Mr. BROWN's own balance. The transaction, though circuitous, was neat. The ships went from BROWN to the Bank, then *per fraudem* from BROWN to WALTON—then again from WALTON to the Bank; and at each stage more money was advanced, until at last the vessels were sold, and the Bank left with Mr. BROWN's personal security. For example, the *Helen Lindsay*, which had been mortgaged to the Bank for 7000*l.*, was soon after regularly transferred to WALTON to cover 10,000*l.* The Governor thus stepped into the place of his constituents as first claimant on the ship. But this was only half the transaction. Mr. WALTON himself had procured advances to the extent of 15,000*l.*, and the ship which had been thus flitched from the Bank was made to do duty again to cover his own obligations. One intermediate dealing rather diminished the value of this security,—namely, a second mortgage of the same ship for another 10,000*l.* to WALTON, which was carefully suppressed when the vessel was once more made over to the Bank.

This was a very effective stroke of business; and the curious part of the story is that Mr. BROWN is utterly unconscious of having committed a fraud. He had pledged his property for 7000*l.* to the Bank, and he had, by his subsequent secret dealings with the Governor, made the security worthless. So far he could see, but he considers he had a perfect right to deal with the ships as he pleased; and what is stranger still, the Bank, i.e. Mr. CAMERON, was so well satisfied with this first transaction that Mr. BROWN was invited to repeat it, which he soon did, with a few aggravating circumstances. This time the slippery borrower was required to back up the bill of sale by a written undertaking to transfer the ship when called upon. He did transfer it, but it was to Mr. WALTON again, and not to the Bank. But even this did not alarm the Manager. Another lot of five ships was dealt with in the same fashion. First there was a mortgage to the Bank, with an undertaking to register the ships in London. The next step may be best told by a quotation from Mr. BROWN's examination: "Did you undertake to register those ships in the Port of London?—Yes. Did you do so?—No. Not one of them?—No." One more extract completes the story:—"After you had mortgaged those ships, did you believe you had a right to deal with them as your own?—I did. I always dealt with them as my own. I had the power to deal with them without communicating with the Board."

If it were not for an incidental remark which was dropped in the course of the examination, we should merely class Mr. BROWN with those gentlemen whose moral perceptions are not sufficiently clear to enable them to see anything wrong in defrauding a neighbour when you have "the power to do so without communicating with him." But this cannot be the true explanation, for Mr. BROWN is capable of much virtuous indignation about a comparatively venial irregularity. A Mr. OLIVER, it seems, had obtained accommodation on the understanding that the bank drafts were to be used in America. If we are to believe Mr. BROWN (about which we feel a little hesitation), the bills were discounted in London and Liverpool, and the honourable Director thus gives vent to his feelings on the subject:—"I have no hesitation in saying that OLIVER swindled the Bank out of 20,000*l.*; it is a very strong term to use, but I have no doubt about its correctness." But Mr. HUMPHREY BROWN the moralist is quite a different man from Mr. HUMPHREY BROWN the mortgagor. This duplicity—we use the word in its etymological sense—is a peculiarity of his character which he displayed on other occasions. When he was negotiating a loan with CAMERON, or cooking accounts with WALTON, he was the most easy-going man in the world. But on the Board he was always the one to stand up for rigid legality. He never lost an opportunity of denouncing the unsoundness of the Scotch system, and modestly lectured his less offending brethren on the iniquity of continuing business and issuing new shares after the capital had been swamped through his own and other appropriations. Mr. BROWN's examination closed with the production of his letter of condolence to the late Manager, in which he laments over the stoppage of the Bank as a bungling piece of work. Whatever other faults may be found in him, we must admit that there was no bungling in the prosecution of his schemes for promoting the flow of bullion from the Bank to his own pocket.

WAR ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

IT appears that, though peace has been concluded, the Russian war is by no means at an end. Sebastopol has been evacuated, and the allied fleets have left the Black Sea; but the scene of hostilities is only transferred, and the campaign is carried on as fiercely as ever in Capel-court. Russian officers have entertained English generals, the Cossacks have fraternised with the Highlanders, the Russian Minister is established in Chesham-place, and the "rank and beauty" of England have returned from the coronation of the Czar at Moscow; but the quarrel between the nations seems as far as ever from being patched up. The great point in war consists in cutting off the enemy's supplies. We can no longer sweep the Sea of Azof with our gunboats—we have raised the blockade of Odessa, and abandoned the Spit of Kinburn; but methods of offence yet remain which an odious peace has not wholly closed against us—we can still deprecate the scrip of the enemy.

Some few months ago, when the Treaty of Paris was signed, Europe was congratulated on the conclusion of a

safe and honourable peace. The objects of the war had, we were told, been obtained—securities for the future had been provided—the great struggle had been satisfactorily concluded, and all past animosities were to be buried in oblivion. The wisdom and moderation of the young EMPEROR were loudly extolled. He was to exchange the military projects of his father for commercial enterprise and social improvement, and England was to hold forth a friendly hand to encourage the tottering steps of the barbarians in the new and untrodden paths of commerce and of arts. We were to aid and foster the social development of Russia with the same energy with which we had repressed her military aggressions. We had fought and won the battle, and now we were to be good friends and honest allies. We were charmed with the delightful prospect, and almost deceived by the amiable illusion. Even the Russians themselves seem to have been flattened into the mistake of supposing that these invitations to enter the pale of civilization were sincere. They said, "We are told to develope ourselves. We don't very well know what that means, but no doubt it is something very nice. Railways, they say, are better things than regiments—let us have some railways. No doubt our good friends the English, who are so anxious that we should civilize ourselves, will be very glad to help us to make railways." The poor barbarians must be a little astonished at the indignation with which this modest proposal has been hailed. They find that stations are considered quite as objectionable as forts, and that locomotives are regarded as not less hostile to the liberties of Europe than cannon. TOTLEBEN was a dangerous antagonist, but we are undone if Russia should secure the services of BRUNEL. The Redan and the Malakoff were formidable enough; but what shall we do with express trains running regularly to the Sebastopol terminus?

As to the commercial aspect of the question we say nothing, because we know nothing. We neither advise our readers to invest in Russian scrip, nor dissuade them from so doing. We beg to refer them on that subject to the ordinary channels of information, and strongly advise them to be guided by the opinion of their brokers rather than by that of Mr. W. RUSSELL. But it is not so much from a tenderness to the pockets of the public as from a patriotic desire to weaken the foe that the trumpet-toned warnings of some of our contemporaries proceed. We almost tremble as we write, lest we should be denounced as traitors to our country for suggesting that Russian railway shares might be left to find their own level in the market like Canadian Bonds or French Rentes. We should be less surprised at these fervid admonitions if it were the ordinary habit of journals in this country to advise people as to what they should buy, sell, and avoid. But it is not; and on most occasions the *Times* good-naturedly allows people to do the most foolish things in the world without a remonstrance. We are daily invited in our contemporary's advertising sheet to supply California with fresh water, to lend money to the Spanish Government, and to invest British capital in promoting the interests of the South American Republics; and a patriotic editor leaves the public to judge for itself as to the expediency of the investment. *Caveat emptor* is a sound doctrine of economy, and not the less so because the lesson is often a severe one.

If the assault on Russian railways were a mere question of stock-jobbing, we should not have thought it necessary to notice it. We should have simply said, Let the bears, bulls, and stage fight it out among themselves. But this hostility, apparently economical, is really political. The Russian Government is charged with meditating nothing short of fraud, swindling, and repudiation, on no evidence that we can see, except that the State of Indiana was once guilty of some sharp practice in the matter of a canal. After all, this is about as near a demonstration as the *Times* generally arrives at. Thus we are told that these railways are, properly speaking, no railways, but great military roads. We hope we shall not be suspected of having sold ourselves to the enemies of our country, if we venture to say that this seems to us great nonsense. It reminds us, for all the world, of the discovery in the "Double Arrangement," that the "waiter is no waiter, but a Knight Templar." Of course all roads are military roads when soldiers travel on them. The railway from Paris to Boulogne is a military road, and such a line of communication would have been very useful to NAPOLEON when he was occupied about the invasion of England. We don't remember, however, that the English people were forbidden to take shares, though, at the period of its construction, the Prince DE JOINVILLE was

at the head of the French marine. Indeed, we believe that that line, so dangerous to the shores of England, was principally constructed by British capital. Perhaps reasonable persons anticipated that the trains would be more frequently occupied in carrying harmless British tourists to Paris than in conveying Zouaves to the harbour of Boulogne. The railway to Strasburg would, no doubt, materially help the French to throw an army on the Rhine, and the line from Lyons to Turin will carry cannon into Italy better and faster than the Simplon. Why don't we preach a crusade against these military roads? Simply because the English public cannot be so easily gulled about things within a few miles of home as they are every day about distant affairs which are capable of being invested with vague and mysterious terrors. The *Times* is only talking just the same nonsense about Russian railways, and appealing to the same vulgar prejudices, that Mr. COBDEN did six or seven years ago, when he made his notorious speech against the Russian loan. The same process of "crumpling up" is recommended, and with equal probability of success.

What is truly lamentable in the whole affair is the disposition which is exhibited to envenom and inflame the sores which it was the object of the peace to close. These perpetual and insulting denunciations of a Power which we profess to have received again into amity, amount to something like a breach of faith. If we were not prepared to have peace in our hearts, we had far better have gone on with the war. There are many people who think that peace was prematurely concluded—though, if it were so, that was the fault, not of the Russians, but of England and France. But one thing is quite clear—that if we consented to put an end to the war, we have no right to perpetuate its animosities. The tone of some of our journals is like that of a malicious boy, who pants after he has ceased to fight. We have abandoned our right to bombard the Russians, but we cannot renounce the pleasure of spiting them. If we have not had fighting enough, for Heaven's sake let us begin again, and finish the business out of hand—it will be far better and simpler than nursing the flame of half-smothered fires, and ministering to the vindictiveness of unsatisfied hate. Let us have open war, or an honest and genuine peace. If the system of suspicion and denunciation is to continue, it is clear that we have gained nothing by the past struggle. If we cannot afford to treat Russia like any other European Government, it must be because we still fear her intentions and her power, and because in our hearts we believe that the securities we have exacted from her are imperfect and insufficient—that the peace we made was premature, and that the terms we imposed were inconclusive. We confess that we are not of that opinion; and we trust, in the name of common sense and common honesty, that having voluntarily renewed our amicable relations with the Czar, the spirit of the engagement into which we entered may be fulfilled with cordiality and good faith. If Russian railways are not likely to be remunerative, we hope that as little English capital as possible may be wasted in the enterprise; but it seems to us a most unworthy course to attempt to write down the public credit of a nation with which we have just concluded peace, simply out of spite at not having sufficiently thrashed them in the war.

A NEW SPEAKER.

SOME time before its appointed hour on Thursday, the House of Commons began to reassemble after its penal dissolution. It was a curious sight for a bystander to witness. The floor swarmed like an ant-hill, and buzzed like a bee-hive—members crushing, crossing, recognising, shaking hands, lamenting the departed, and greeting the new-born. The House was very full; for though the old members were not there in any very extraordinary numbers, the hundred and seventy—"men of business" *par excellence*—were there to a man. Poor creatures! they looked shy enough under the blushing honours with which that morning's *Times* had decked them. They mostly flocked, like scared sheep, to the further end of the House, under the clock; though here and there you might see one of them being introduced to his "whip," under the auspices of some friend, probably of little greater standing than himself, who was doing the honours with all the self-conscious patronage of a second-term freshman. They might well look modest, if they bethought them of the gaps they were called upon to fill. It was sad to see "the vulture rule where once the eagle reigned"—to contemplate two obscure Irishmen sitting in the well-known places of Cobden and of Bright.

Suddenly, athwart the confused murmur came a shout, "Black Rod;" and amid cries of "Hats, hats," "Places, places," the dense

mass fell off to the right hand and to the left—each man found a seat as best he could, and the House resumed the serried appearance reporters know so well. And you might see a cloud of blank *ennuis* clear off the faces of the friendless new comers, as their throbbing hearts told them that their Parliamentary career was now really going to begin, and they inwardly resolved to act like patriots and like men. The door opened—and in stalked a personage in gay clothing. His raiment was very magnificent; but it was of that accurate construction that did not leave much room for muscular play, and you felt that he did wisely in advancing with extreme caution. Three bows—or rather three deflections of the hinge with which nature seemed to have endowed him—brought him to the table. He summoned the House to hear the Lords Commissioners; and then commenced a retreat, encumbered with a similar ceremonial. The House generally endures this affecting pageant with becoming gravity, but the extreme length of it on this occasion, and the untamed rusticity of the new members, did result in an indecent guffaw before the personage in gay clothing had succeeded in backing into the lobby; and as he was painfully nervous, whether out of fear of the new members, or out of solicitude for his clothing, he almost fairly broke down at this explosion. However, he escaped with tolerable dignity.

The House went, and in due time returned; and Lord Harry Vane arose to descant on the merits of Mr. Denison. A personal eulogium is as dull as a personal attack is lively; and Lord Harry's manner is not one to give zest to an insipid subject. But the House endured meekly, and with tolerable silence. It was very crowded. The Opposition, thanks to the recent election, have plenty of elbow-room; and from some cause or other, their leaders were most of them absent. But the wild, irregular troops whom Lord Palmerston's war-cry has gathered round his banner thronged the Ministerial benches to excess. The very gangway was choked with a pile of humanity; and when you came to disset it, you found it composed of no meaner earth than secretaries and vice-presidents. There crouched Danby Seymour, light-hearted as an enfranchised Caliban at the decease of Hogg: and there squatted Mr. Lowe, looking up at the skylights, and ever and anon, as he thought of how his pen had gulled the loutish squires, bursting into a spontaneous grin. The Treasury bench too, was full—so full as to exclude such eminent personages as these. Mr. Hayter wore a smile of sardonic triumph as he contemplated the House that was *his* work. For once no care seemed to shade his brow. Lord Palmerston was there—no longer, however, so youthful-looking as he was two years ago, but shrunk, chalky, sharp-featured. Sir Charles Wood, to judge from his own mirth and his colleagues' gloom, was evidently, in the fulness of his heart, making more jokes than usual. And there, on the extreme and darkest end of the Treasury bench, drawn by the soft memories of the past, or the beguiling day dreams of the future, sat Lord John Russell. Enseconed in his dim recess, he looked like the shadowy Até that dogs the triumph of the Liberal party. The galleries, too, were full. Underneath was Lord Chelsea—the rejected of Middlesex—proclaiming his contempt of fate by a preternatural gaiety; while, just over the clock, the gay aspect of the Privy Seal lent a warm and cheerful colouring to the scene.

At last Lord Harry Vane gave over. Mr. Thorneley rose, looking very much as if he could not help it. His speech was more in the character of a charge to Mr. Denison than a panegyric upon him. It was a panegyric with the praise left out—and unfortunately with the H's left out too. To supply both these important defects, Mr. Thorneley "intimated," to use his own language, a remedy for long speeches, which consisted in an exhortation to the leading members of the "ouse" (who are the people that make long speeches), to begin at six instead of at eleven. Mr. Thorneley must have been in Ireland during the vacation. After this recommendation, Mr. Thorneley sat down, and the House returned to the question before it. Mr. Denison then expressed his cordial gratitude for the manner in which the House had received the mention of his name—which, inasmuch as they had received it with a dead silence, was a highly amiable mark of sensibility. The proper close to the ceremonial is, that the proposer and the seconder should lead the Speaker elect, one by each hand, to the chair. But the gangway between the table and Lord Palmerston's knees being very narrow, it ended in Lord Harry Vane pulling the Speaker through, and the Speaker pulling Mr. Thorneley. Another speech from the Speaker, and a congratulation from each side of the House, finished the proceedings. Lord Palmerston's was jerky and feeble. He paid his *protegé* the left-handed compliment of hoping that he might equal the virtues of Mr. Speaker Abercrombie—which is much like wishing that a friend might be endowed with the tact of Mr. Gladstone and the honesty of Mr. Humphrey Brown. Mr. Walpole's speech, though it was also weak, was carried off by that graceful frankness which has made him popular in the House.

Of the wisdom of the election there will be many doubts. Stature and commanding features are undoubtedly no small merit in a Speaker; and practice may give him the repose of manner, which on this occasion was painfully lacking. But it is to be doubted whether any amount of practice will free him from the curt, hard style of address which is the heritage of all the Denison family, or from the indecision which ere now has chequered his career.

THE MORNING ADVERTISER AND CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITY.

ANY one who may have glanced, during the last few weeks, at the columns of the *Morning Advertiser*, will have come across some most extraordinary allusions to a very unknown fact in Christian antiquity, which must naturally have puzzled him. He will have seen it gravely stated that the cross, as a sign of religious worship, is borrowed from a very different creed from that of Christianity, and is really the same symbol very slightly transmuted, which the nations of the pagan world worshipped as representing the productive force of nature. Few persons will have cared to trace whence this startling theory was borrowed, and fewer still are likely to have given much attention to the letters which zealous Protestants contribute to the organ of pot-house bigotry. Any one, however, who has followed the course of the paper in question will have perceived that it has been the subject of a hoax to which we should have thought that no portion of the English press in these days could have fallen a prey. The astonishing ignorance and credulity displayed by the conductors of that journal are, we believe, without parallel, and it is really scarcely credible that an attempt so audacious in its fun and impudence could have succeeded.

The matter began with a leading article on the "Westerton" judgment, in which the journalist betrayed that he had, somehow or other, got into his head that the worship of the cross was based on that of the phallus. We do not know from what foolish party writer, or from what lying historian or antiquary, this absurd conceit was taken; but it had been received as a fact by the writer, and accordingly the article to which we refer contained the following paragraphs:—

In the middle of the nineteenth century the Privy Council is dawdling with a toy of the pseudo-Christians of the fourth and fifth. It is unable to comprehend that this toy, which figured in the indecent processions of the Pagans, was a necessary adjunct of the Eleusinian Mysteries, and the rites of Serapis and Isis, which has been found in the ruins of Nineveh, and which may be now seen, with idols and unmentionable symbols, in the subterranean temple at Elephanta, cannot, without pollution of Christianity, be accepted as its emblem.

Their lordships could have no difficulty in asserting, as they do, that crosses were in use centuries before crucifixes and images. It is on record that crosses were found in the temple of Serapis at the destruction of Pagan edifices of that kind, in pursuance of the Theodosian decree, about the year 394. Christian antiquaries, on considering these crosses, pronounced them to be "Emblems of Life." It would appear, therefore, that, though the sign of the cross was in common use as early as the middle of the second century, the cross itself was not placed in the churches at the end of the fourth age. The next period was one in which a prodigious shoal of rank heathenisms were obtruded upon a religion that had for some time past deserved no better a name than pseudo-Christianity. With them, the mythological "Emblems of Life" resumed the stations which they had before occupied in the temples of Isis and Cybele; and in the processions which, under other names, continued the phalliphoros, the thesmophoria, and the orgies of Bacchus and Ceres. Thus it was that the cross was received and perpetuated in the pseudo-Christian Church.

This tickled the fancy of some malicious wit, and speculating on the credulity of the journalist, he sent on the following day a letter, under the signature of "Cantab," in which the position was gravely defended, and the journal was thanked for the blow dealt, by the article of the day before, to the use of those Pagan emblems by which our Protestant churches are now defaced. The letter was written with a great amount of mock learning, and interspersed with frequent allusions to such recondite authors as "Diophrastus de Orchini"—a copy of whose works the editor was told he might see either at St. John's, Cambridge, or at the College of Surgeons. Contrary to all probability, the bait took, the letter was inserted, and the theory was adopted more greedily than ever by the enlightened Protestant whose duty it is to keep the taprooms from Popery. Repeated references were made to it. It was brought up in all kinds of ways. The British public were told that "the cross, which is an emblem of what cannot be named in Protestant ears, is said to be both an architectural ornament and an emblem of Christianity." They were assured that there is no difference between those who worship the statues of Serapis and Isis and those who perform the same act to the emblem of that god and goddess, united in the form of the Popish and Puseyite cross. They were asked to oppose those who are "striving to pollute the judges of the land in behalf of what is emphatically the very antipodes of Christianity." No wonder that the contriver, or contrivers, of the hoax became emboldened by such unexpected success. They determined to try their luck again, and last Monday appeared a letter, signed "G. Allan Saunders," which is too good not to be extracted verbatim:—

POPEY AND PROTESTANTISM.

To the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

SIR,—With reference to the identity of the symbols of the Cross and the Phallus, an interesting subject to which allusion has been made in your columns, allow me to add the following information, gleaned from a very ancient MS. discovered some years since in a cellar belonging to the monastery of Apati, a Carthusian establishment, the lazy and ignorant members of which were doubtless unaware of the trenchant satire on their own superstition lying hid among their bottles—somewhat remarkable, as the cellar has more votaries there than the library, or had, in the days when I knew the Levant.

The MS. is now in the possession of my friend Signor P. Montomini, an authority of great weight in these matters, now engaged on a new edition of the *Actores Priapici*. As the contents of this curious MS. will be discussed in an elaborate note to this work, I will now merely state that it is therein related that a certain monk, Amphelius by name, who lived at Edessa in the latter part of the fourth century, noticing the great popularity which Priapus enjoyed among the "Dii minores" of those parts, conceived the audacious idea of supplanting his worship by that of the Cross.

I believe this is the earliest date assigned to the actual *worship* of the Cross. There is some doubt about the date of this MS. My learned friend ascribes it to the ninth century; it is probably much earlier.

Papery, Sir, is ever the same; we all know whence she derived her jargon—"host," from *hostia*,—"mass," from *manes*. But it would be well to remind our own Puseyites that they are, in fact, clothing *themselves* and *our* churches in the very worst garments of *Paganism*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. ALLAN SAUNDERS.

Even this went down, and next day the journalist returned to his favourite topic. In a leading article, we are told that "Englishmen have seen the highest tribunal in the land decide in favour of the same symbol, for erecting and adorning which an Israelite monarch was doomed to pass seven years of his life as a beast of the field." The Israelite monarch was evidently Nebuchadnezzar, and the name of this monarch suggested, we may suppose, to the wits who were playing on the folly and absurd ignorance of the journalist, the old rhyme, beginning "Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews," &c. &c.; and accordingly they ventured on one experiment more, which is perfectly unsurpassable both for its effrontery and for its success. What but actually seeing the subjoined letter, which appeared in large print in the *Morning Advertiser* of last Thursday, could have persuaded us that in London, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a daily journal could be so conducted as to admit of the appearance of such a transparent hoax? It needs no comment:—

THE ECCLESIASTICAL STATE OF ITALY. SIMILARITY OF POPERY TO PAGANISM.

To the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

SIR,—I cannot pretend to any knowledge of the various religious parties belonging to the Protestant communion, so I hope you will excuse my writing to you on the following subject. But I can pretend to some knowledge of my own country, and of the effects upon her of that superstition which you, sir, so manfully labour to oppose. Hoodwinked by temporal tyranny, and besotted by a semi-heathen religion—if, indeed, we can apply the name of religion to such a system—my native Italy lies groaning beneath the feet of the oppressors. I think you, sir, will agree with me, that no stone should be left unturned, no effort spared, to remove from the necks of mankind the chains which superstition has forged, and which it has succeeded in fastening on so many nations of the world.

I have read the letter of Mr. Allan Saunders in your paper of yesterday, on the subject of the nauseous emblem which has been put forth as that of the Christian religion; and I have also read the leading article on the same subject in your impression of yesterday, in which you refer to a certain "Israelitish monarch," and to the image which he adored, and which you rightly conjecture to have represented the aforesaid emblem. That your view, sir, was perfectly correct, I am happy to be able to bring forward, out of the work I am at present editing, the following passage to prove:—

Φέρουσι δη οἱ Ἰάνες, ὅτι ἡ βασιλεὺς ὁ μεγας τὸν Ιωβαλὸν, τὸν Θεὸν, τὴν φύσεων προσκυνῶν, καὶ φιλήμασι τὴν εἰκόνα ἐμπλεκόμενος, ἐχεῖται, καὶ τὸν κόπον εν ταῖς αναζήτουσι κ. τ. Α.

The above has been erroneously attributed to Athenaeus, but I am in a position to prove that it is of a much later period.

I will not take up your space with further remarks on the resemblance between Popish and Pagan ceremonies. Their name, sir, is Legion; and you are probably as well acquainted with them as myself.

Thanking you for your noble efforts on behalf of what I hope I may be allowed to call the cause of Man,

PIETRO MONTOMINT.

Craven Hotel, Craven-street, Strand, April 28.

LITERATURE AND SOCIETY.

THE last Number of the *Westminster Review* contains an article on "Literature and Society," which appears to us to embody more distinctly than we have elsewhere seen it embodied, one of the commonest fallacies of the day. The writer begins by quoting Mr. Thackeray's opinion—delivered with as much energy as its author could throw into his language and his manner—that the professional literary men of the present day meet with their full share of public recognition and encouragement. He does not so much discuss as play with the question, illustrating it by much pleasant and rather curious anecdote about the Mecenases of the Plantagenet and Tudor times; but in the latter part of the paper, he expresses clearly enough the opinion that Mr. Thackeray's view of the matter is a wrong one, and that English society does not, generally speaking, look upon the literary profession with any very high esteem. We fully agree both with Mr. Thackeray and with his critic. We think that professional literary men do meet with quite as much recognition and encouragement as they deserve; and we do not think that they enjoy a very high social position. The error which runs through the whole of the article to which we are referring—and through a vast deal of writing which, both in temper and in execution, is vastly inferior to it—appears to us to consist in supposing that derivative words are always co-extensive in meaning with the sources from which they are derived. The word "literature" has a definite meaning, and therefore it would seem that the phrase "literary man" ought to include all persons distinguished for or connected with literature. This is, however, so far from being the case that no two phrases can have less relation to each other—so that the fact that "literary men" are not very highly esteemed as a body is quite consistent with the fact that "literature" was never more highly appreciated or rewarded than it is in the present day. We will attempt to illustrate both these positions.

The fact that a man has written any book of permanent value in almost any department of knowledge is notoriously so far from being a social disgrace to him, that it is one of the achievements on which society, as it stands at present, is disposed to confer the very highest honour. Does any one, for example, think that

Mr. Grote has lost caste by writing the *History of Greece*, that Mr. Hallam has been a martyr to the *Constitutional History of England*, that Mr. Macaulay has been ostracised, that Mr. Ruskin's social position has been lowered, or that Mr. Merivale, Dr. Milman, or Mr. Mill have suffered on account of their respective publications? On the contrary, these gentlemen owe the greater, or at any rate a very great, part of their social standing to their literary reputation; and, indeed, the harvest, not only of fame, but of money, which some of them have reaped from their books has been, not perhaps disproportioned to their merits, but certainly far greater than any by which authors have been rewarded in former times. We may, however, urge our proof that literature is not unappreciated in the present day much further than these examples carry it. Of the enormous mass of periodical writing which is published in daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, and even in annual instalments, there is a very perceptible amount which no one would blush to own, and a small per-centaige which it would be a credit to any man to be supposed to have written. No one can mix much in society without falling in with people, in all walks of life, who have the reputation of being more or less avowedly in the habit of writing in different newspapers and reviews; and if the performances attributed to them by common opinion are in any way remarkable, no one we think would say that their reputation in their various professions suffered from it. Does any one suppose that Mr. Macaulay's reputation, when he was young man, was injured by the rumour that he had written the articles in the *Edinburgh Review* which attracted so much attention, or that any man—whatever his pursuits might be—would be otherwise than flattered by a report that he was occasionally the political or literary "We" of the *Times*? Or—to take the only considerable experiment which has as yet been made in a roved periodical composition—do we find that contributors to the *Oxford* and *Cambridge Essays* are looked upon as guilty of any impropriety? To judge from the positions and occupations of the various contributors, it would not seem to be the case. For, not to mention an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, we find amongst them not only resident members of the Universities, but professional men—clergymen and barristers—who would hardly put their names to such publications if they incurred any professional stigma by doing so. Still, with all these proofs that literature is held in honour amongst us, it cannot be denied that there is a very general opinion that a class of men exists, connected with literature, whose connexion with it is not looked upon by society with a very favourable eye; and we think that the opinion is true, and the feeling just.

We know of only two reasons which can possibly induce a man to write. He may either have something to say, or he may be under the necessity of saying something. It is only to writers of the first kind that society can be said to be under any obligation. The mere fact that a man gets his living by writing can be no more reason why he should be held in honour than the fact that he gets his living by shoemaking. Indeed, the circumstance that a person counts upon any art as a means of regular occupation and provision for the daily wants of life, tends to exclude him from some of the social consideration which excellence in it might otherwise have bestowed upon him. We admire a man for great personal strength and activity; but if he is a professional teacher of gymnastics, our admiration is very much qualified, though in that case the substantial value of the accomplishments to their possessor is greatly enhanced. Lady Hester Stanhope used to be (not unnaturally) very vain of the fact that she could, if she pleased, emulate tailors or shoemakers in their respective arts; but if she had served an apprenticeship to those trades, she would have been rather ashamed of her skill than otherwise. The glory of art followed for art's sake, and the comfort of a secure professional position, are totally distinct objects of desire. If a man chooses the pudding, he must not hold out his plate for praise.

If, then, there is nothing in the mere profession of writing which can invest the persons who pursue it with any particular social consideration, is there anything in it which can expose them to the reverse? If a "literary man," in the professional sense of the words, is not entitled to more consideration as such than an apothecary or a dentist, is he entitled to less? It is always an invidious thing to speak ill of a class, but it is impossible to deny that, rightly or wrongly, an impression to this effect exists, and we do not think that it is by any means unfounded. If a man deliberately intends to live by his pen, the only way of doing so is by becoming a regular contributor to periodicals. If he only contributes to them occasionally, or only employs in this pursuit such spare time as his other avocations may leave him, he does not fall within the class to which we are referring; nor do we think his social position suffers, though of course his professional reputation in his other pursuits might be injured if he were supposed to give too much time to writing. The question, therefore, ultimately narrows itself to this:—Why are persons whose principal occupation in life is writing in magazines and reviews, and who have no other ostensible means of subsistence, regarded by society with a certain degree of suspicion and dislike? Many answers might be given, but the main one is simply this—that the great mass of periodical literature has no higher object than temporary amusement or excitement, and that people never have respected, and to the end of time never will respect, a class the existence of which is a mere luxury, quite unnecessary either to the being or to the well-being

of society. Independence is the only certain security for respect. We are all dependent on doctors, on lawyers, on merchants, on shoemakers, on butchers and bakers, but we are quite independent of novelists, actors, conjurors, and pastry-cooks. It is not without feeling that he is yielding to a weakness that even a school-boy goes to the play or eats a tart. He would respect his companion for not caring about them. Now and then, no doubt, a great genius appears, who makes use of trifles to teach the world lessons of which no human being is independent; but in appreciating men of this stamp, quite another set of considerations must be taken into account. They differ from the "literary man" not in degree but in kind. The judges and the bishops are no more than the queen bees of the legal or clerical hives; but familiarity with the footlights or the printer's devil has no sort of tendency to make a Shakspere or a Cervantes. A striking illustration of the difference between real art and mere professional literature is to be found in the career of Mrs. Nicholls. Whilst we read the story of her life in the West Riding moors, or as a governess or articled pupil, we understand how she learnt to write *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*; but when we get into the "literary" atmosphere with which the second volume of her biography is filled, we immediately feel that an earlier introduction to the society of Paternoster-row would have greatly diminished her powers. A man can never make a profession of producing amusing compositions possessing anything more than a mercantile value. He might as well hope to live by producing works of genius as a barrister could hope to live upon special retainers. His staple manufacture—that in which he passes ten months in the year—must, therefore, of necessity, be of a feeble and second-rate character. It is that kind of writing in which the reader and not the writer confers the favour, and this is we think the true explanation, as it is a perfectly adequate one, of the slight esteem in which professional writers are held by the public.

There will, of course, be isolated cases in which injustice will be done. There may be an infinitesimally small proportion of persons who, like Southey or Dr. Kitto, have conscientiously taken the measure of their capacities, and arrived at the conclusion that they were constructed expressly for the purpose of writing books; but no one can deny that the business of amusing writing is one which presents greater temptations to ignorant, unsteady, irregular persons than any other. Light literature is a sort of cave of Adullam, where a man wants no introduction except a certain sprightliness and fluency. We have laughed so long at respectability that we are apt to forget that it has its advantages. In order to enter any one of the regular professions a man must give security, in the shape of a considerable investment of money and time, that he seriously means to exert and to deny himself: but any one may set up as a "literary man." If, as the phrase goes, he has "seen life," it is a positive qualification for some of the best paid branches of the business. It is amusing enough to read a magazine story with some such title as "Frank Spanky, or Confessions of a Coxcomb," in which, after a career of flirting with maid-servants, breaking banks in gambling hells, getting drunk over night, and maudlin in the morning, the Hon. Frank marries a lovely girl, and inherits five thousand a year; but it is melancholy to reflect that, before "Seymour Graham," "Leonard Stanley," or whatever may be the author's *nom de plume*, dashed off his lively little sketch, he had in all probability seen a great deal more of second-rate hells and facile maid-servants than of the concluding glories of the story. Such reflections do not dispose us to concede to the author the right of boasting, with a proud humility, as in the present day he is rather apt to do, that he "earns his bread" (it is generally only his butter) like any other solid man of business; and still less would we allow him to consider himself as being in any way whatever connected with those real men of letters whose fame and greatness is the boast of their country. The fact that they both write, and are both paid for writing, constitutes about as much connexion between them as the fact that they both wear clothes, and both pay (or ought to pay) for them.

TORYISM IN DIFFICULTIES.

WHAT was said of Rome in old days, "that everything was sold there," is much more true of London. If you want a hippopotamus or an iron church, a seat in Parliament or a wife, you may always hear of one, with or without a day's notice, within the five-mile circle. We must confess to the somewhat idle taste of lounging into an auction room. It is wonderful what a variety of men, manners, and things, of which one had previously no idea, are to be seen there, and nowhere else. A sale of reversions is not bad fun—it is like an ingenious conundrum, or one of those wonderful *rebus* which figure in the French illustrated newspapers. The joke consists in guessing the value of the combinations and permutations of a limited number of tough old ladies and fast young men, taken two and two together. The results are sometimes very extraordinary, and quite eclipse the celebrated problem of the nails in the horse-shoe. To persons who prefer the lighter and less severe branches of mathematics, a good deal of amusement, in the style of "philosophy in sport made science in earnest," may be derived from bidding for a life-renter's ticket at Drury-lane Theatre. It is wonderful into what deep and metaphysical speculations on the nature of pleasure and its relation to the human mind, you find yourself plunged when

you are called upon to calculate the money value, to yourself, of a non-transferable admission to a pantomime every night for forty years.

In a vacant mood the other day, according to our wont, we sauntered into an auction room which we happened to be passing. We found a sale going on, which we will not say surprised us—for nothing surprises us at an auction, any more than in a Ceylon jungle, where you may fall in with anything, from a rat to an elephant—but which was at least novel and entertaining. The auctioneer was bringing to the hammer the whole Tory Press. We confess at first to having felt rather shocked at the spectacle. We thought of what Mrs. Stowe will say when she hears that the grand-maternal form of the *Morning Herald*, the severe and maiden-aunt-like person of the *Standard*, and the *St. James's Chronicle*—which, like the classical hero, visits earth only on alternate days—had been exposed to public sale in the streets of London. We shuddered as we thought that the ties of family might be rent asunder, and that kindred souls might be sold into distant and separate bondage. What if the aged grandmother should pass into the cruel hands of some Radical Legree—or the virtue, as well as the sheets, of the *Standard*, be sold to a Roman Catholic Archbishop, or to a speculative Jew in Houndsditch. It was but a poor consolation to hope that, somewhere in some dismal swamp, the *St. James's Chronicle*, grown maniacal through oppression, would be meditating intermittent schemes of vengeance upon the tyrants. However, we quickly smothered these melancholy reflections, and our passion for speculation triumphed over our sentiments of humanity. Having listened attentively to the conditions of the sale, we began to make our book on the transaction. We were hardly satisfied, by the way, with the treatment of the subject by the auctioneer. He stated, in the driest possible manner, that the plant, principles, and machinery of the Tory Press were to be sold. Surely, on a great historical subject, he should have been somewhat more diffuse—if possible, more eloquent. We cannot but think that the lamented George Robins would have handled such a topic in a different manner. We should have heard something of our institutions in Church and State, and of the glorious, pious, and immortal memory; but there was not even a passing allusion to Spooner, nor did Newdegate extort the passing tribute of a tear. Perhaps prudence exacted this reticence, in consideration of the Cardinals and Rabbis whom we observed among the bidders.

In spite of many unlucky purchases we have made in our time, our passion for bidding at auctions is incurable. We once bought an elephant, which we thought might prove useful in picking up sixpences; but the cost of its keep proved incommensurate with the labour which it saved us. However, we felt confident we should make a better bargain of the three single gentlemen rolled into one who watch at the gates of Toryism. Many considerations conspired to make us very anxious to secure the lot. In the first place, we thought what an introduction it would be for us to a society with which we have little acquaintance. We dine occasionally with the Squire; but we have no more chance of getting at him at his breakfast-table than of shooting his covers. We thought how we might steal, like Ulysses in disguise, into precincts which have never yet been polluted by Dissenters, Liberals, or Poachers. Xerxes offered a kingdom for a new pleasure; and we thought what we would give for the sensation of being read by Mr. Bentinck. When the imp in the *Last Minstrel* kidnapped the heir of Buccleuch, he remained behind himself, and assumed the form of the child, very much shocking and disgusting the household by his unusual and unseemly behaviour. It occurred to us that the printer's devil might give us the power of working a little bit of the same kind of *gramarye*. We figured to ourselves the advantages we might derive from the possession of the organs which enjoy the confidence of the Country Party. We already began to compose, for the *Morning Herald*, articles which should be laid on the table of the members for Warwickshire. Our first leader began thus:—"The time is now arrived when that justice which has so long been denied to the unrepresented millions of this country must be conceded, if not to reason, at least to force. The pernicious doctrines of our profligate contemporary, the *Standard*, have brought this nation to the brink of perdition." The rest of the article was equally forcible and minacious. Our second column recommended the endowment of the Catholic priesthood out of the funds of the Irish Church; and we concluded with a panegyric on the character and conduct of Mr. Cobden. Having despatched our morning paper by the early trains, we composed the articles for the evening's *Standard*. We thought it right to preserve the theological tenor of the disquisitions of what "Jeames" calls "emusing print." So our first leader consisted of a denunciation of the House of Lords for its pigheaded resistance to the passing of the Jew Bill; and the second pointed out to her Majesty the expediency of having one of the young Princes brought up as a priest at Maynooth. Both are highly spiced with reprimanding denunciations of the *Morning Herald*, and violent attacks on the public and private characters of Mr. Spooner and the new bishops; while the "great and good" Dr. Cullen was extolled in praises only inferior to those lavished on Dr. Pusey.

As these visions floated before our eyes, we really believe there was no price we would not willingly have paid for the power of realizing our scheme. But unfortunately, whether

there was something soporiferous in the associations and influences that surrounded us, we know not—certain it is that we fell asleep. We were awoken by the fall of the hammer—the lot had been bought in, and we had lost our prize. The auctioneer whispered to us that there was a “hitch” somewhere, and that the “hinge” had not yet been discovered. We walked home sad and disappointed, and puzzled ourselves with the question how Protestant Toryism happens to have come into a market in which it finds no bidders? In inextricable mazes lost, we found no end; but as we pondered on the piety of the *Standard* and the inspiration of the *Herald*, we murmured as we went—Is it even so?

Nec te tua plurima Panthea
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infusa textit.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER COLOURS.

THE Society of Painters in Water Colours, as they call themselves—the outside world calling them simply the “Old Water Colours”—provides what many persons perhaps regard as the most interesting of all the picture exhibitions of the London season. Although the average merit does not vary much year by year, the paintings are, for the most part, of high excellence—they neither confuse the visitor by their number, nor perplex him by novelty in school, artist's name, or subjects. The collection is select in character; and, of the artists who exhibit here, some have attained to the greatest perfection, and can do all which can legitimately be done with the medium they employ.

As the exhibition occurs but once in the year, the sameness, which we must confess, is presented annually, is not tedious—in fact, it rather affords the pleasure which one derives from the occasional meeting of old friends. Yet this quality is not entirely a subject of congratulation. If a man perpetually repeat one effect, and resort to one particular form in composition, limiting alike his objects of study and his technical means, we know that the reason is that either he *will not*, or *cannot* go beyond his one idea. If he *will not*, it is because he has too many customers who require specimens of his particular effect; and, repetition making its production easy to him, the artist chooses to carry on a thriving business rather than pursue genuine art with, perhaps, poor pecuniary profit. In the other alternative, when an artist *cannot* go beyond his routine picture, prepared according to his receipt and worked up according to rule, he is beyond the pale of criticism. He must consent to rank with the small manufacturer, or, perhaps, the “copying-clerk.” Nor can he escape this sentence on the common plea of “style.” There is the same difference between style and mannerism as there is between mind and mechanism. In true style a man's character is seen—the want of it in mannerism. An artist finds that expression can be best given by his hand to impressions made on his brain in certain modes—these he adopts, and thus forms his style. But it is through facility in catching tricks, and skill in practising them, that a man—seldom worthy of anything else—becomes a mannerist. Most of the members of the senior Water Colour Society possess their own style—some, perhaps, too strongly marked, and running in dangerous proximity to the stereotype; but none of them who are worthy of note, are confirmed mannerists.

Let us glance first at a few of the landscapes—perhaps the most appropriate field for water-colours. One of the earliest to strike the eye is the “Venice” (12) of J. D. Harding, where he has successfully attempted the difficult effect described by Byron:—

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her.

The intrinsic beauty of the scene is enhanced by the charm of the colouring, which, however, does not represent “sunset” proper. If we wish to see an admirable example of the latter effect during winter, and in a black frost, we must look at No. 61, by Mr. C. Branwhite. This artist has several other works as excellently studied and executed as the one just mentioned. He, at least, cannot be charged with the offence of adhering solely to one favourite effect. His “Kilgerran Castle” (3), “White Church, Somersetshire” (129), and his scenes in Wales, afford evidence that, though his predilection may have been for winter scenes, and his early triumphs in depicting them, yet he can woo Nature in more garbs than one. As we have alluded to winter scenery, we would draw attention also to the painting, by W. Evans, of Eton (91). But the one which, perhaps, is the most successful representation of the snowy season ever hung on the walls of the rooms has emanated from the pencil of E. Duncan. It is entitled “Winter—Sheep Feeding” (42). The atmospheric effect throughout is perfect; and the whole scene is one to be gratefully remembered by the observant lover of Nature.

The productions of David Cox (senior) lead us to fear that his best pictures have been already painted, and that henceforth we can only expect reminiscences of them—which, indeed, will always be awakened by his peculiar blots and stains whereby in the days of old he was wont so skilfully to interpret to us certain effects of nature. “The Shrimpers” (143) perhaps recalls his former efforts of genius most pleasantly to our mind. That clever artist, W. C. Smith, contributes a fair allowance of drawings. He is, however, more happy in all of them than in the “Convent of La Madonne del Sarro,” on the Lago Maggiore (98), his most ambitious effort.

C. Davidson, in giving us English fields—whether hay or corn it matters not so long as there are around groups of trees and pleasant slopes—is pre-eminent. Mr. Davidson's contributions last year, however, were perhaps more fresh and pure in tone than some of those he has sent this year. Mr. Collingwood has the great merit of daring to paint, not only daylight, but, moreover, as shining brightly in the open air, and his Swiss scenes reward his courage—witness Nos. 4, 156, 176. This merit he shares with G. T. Rosenberg, who especially evinces it in the “Pass of the Grimsel” (115), and likewise with J. P. Naftel. The greater part of each of the two pictures of the last-mentioned artist, “The Eton Playing-field” (174), and “The Mole near Dorking” (184), are worthy of all praise. The beauty and truth of the foreground in these pictures are admirable, but are obscured by some defects in the distances. The tones of these works are incongruous and displeasing, and interfere with one's entire satisfaction with the works in question. The Fripp, Callows, Richardson, Palmer, and J. Holland, hold their usual and high ground. S. P. Jackson too is delightful in his “Road by the Sea” (162), “Peverse Bay” (148), and the “Evening at Rydal Water” (116). But it is needless to enumerate more fully the landscapes.

Mr. John F. Lewis sends but one picture this year, “Hharem Life, Constantinople” (302). Though small in size there is more minute study, true thought, real expression, and perfect execution in this one work than most artists would (or could) spend on ten pictures ten times its dimensions. Mr. Lewis's drawings illustrate the proper sense of the word “finish.” It is sometimes erroneously employed to express “unmeaning minuteness,” whereas it really means “elaborate significance.” We shall, of course, hear (if we choose to listen) many dozen parrot-remarks as to “Chinese characteristics,” “flat painting,” and the like; but they who repeat such criticism will not have perceived that the luxuriant indolence and splendid listlessness of “Hharem Life” are conveyed in every stroke and line of the picture. The highly-wrought accessories enforce the sentiment of the figures, and that in the most complete manner. How does that glimpse of the fresh air and the lively green of nature, seen through the open lattice, strike upon one's English imagination as one contrasts with the happiness of free breathing the miserable satisfaction of voluptuous life in a prison!

Carl Haag has many specimens of his pencil here. His “Roman Pilgrim” (112), has had more labour applied to it than one generally sees in this artist's works; but his smaller studies of Italian peasant life and character are to us by far more interesting. Perhaps the “Sabine Lady” (273), whose countenance is full of noble expression and beauty—may rank with the best of them. Mr. F. W. Burton (of Munich) has chosen for the subject of his picture “Faust's first sight of Margaret” (130). The innocent and beautiful Margaret is particularly happily conceived. Her form is full of innocence, and her hurried anxious step is excellently rendered. The execution, too, of the whole work is good. We wish Mrs. Criddle's “Children in the Wood” could get out of it—it would improve the picture much. W. Hunt is not in force this year. He has one figure-piece, but not very remarkable—“The Poacher” (228), whom he represents as one of those sly, sudden blackguards who are the opprobrium of the parish, and the special aversion of gamekeepers.

Mr. Frederick Tayler's “Otter Hounds questing” in Glen Tilt (68) will delight the sportsman by their truth and spirit; and the critic, we suppose, must not be too exacting from one who abounds in skill of eye and hand, has hearty relish for his subjects, and is successful in making them picturesque and lifelike. But so long as he is content to leave his works as merely masterly, rapid sketches—his figures dashed in, and his favourite colours splashed on—he must be also content not to have his works ranked with finished pictures. However, the “Ride through the Heather” is very satisfactory, and a pleasing specimen of his style.

Mr. Samuel Read is a name new to the Exhibition. He has a good architectural piece in the “Milan Cathedral” (193). The grouping of the worshippers is better than the drawing of the individual figures. Mr. J. Nash is another contributor of picturesque architectural scenes, which are attractive enough. But there are 317 works in this room, and most of our readers know which amongst the number are most likely to please their own tastes.

MUSIC.
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE fame of Bellini's opera *I Puritani* rests less upon its own intrinsic merits than upon those of the great singers whose names are associated with it. With the exception of one striking air, the music is as commonplace as anything its composer ever wrote; and the piece itself is the washiest jumble of nonsense ever put together for operatic purposes. Notwithstanding this, the work has afforded the most gifted vocalists of the present age the materials for some of their highest triumphs.

The resources of Signor Giuglini's voice, and his mastery of a style more florid than he had yet displayed, were developed in his performance of Arturo on Tuesday evening. The well-known air, “A te, o cara,” was given by him with a tenderness of expression and a perfection of execution not to be surpassed. The beauty of his falsetto notes, and his perfect command over that unmanageable part of the voice, were also made conspicuously

apparent. The ease and certainty of his intonation, and the absence of that vibrating effect of which Rubini contrived to make an ornament, but which with many singers who affect it is a blemish rather than a grace, are among the most agreeable characteristics of Giuglini's style. The air "A te, o cara" was followed by an *encore*, and lost none of its effect on repetition. In the third act, when Arturo re-enters upon the scene, the exquisite tone of the singer's voice gave a charm to the *canzon d'amor*, which he sings in response to that of Elvira—a charm which does not belong to the melody itself. Signor Giuglini, apparently with some reluctance, yielded to the solicitations of the audience for a repetition of this piece. In the duet which follows, and throughout the succeeding scene, a progressive development of energy took place, until the point where Arturo braves the anger of the Puritan soldiers, which is the real climax of the piece. Here the declamatory powers of Giuglini were finely exhibited. A marked excellence of his style is the gradual and natural way in which the resources of his voice manifest themselves, just as occasion requires. And the impression always remains, that the singer has not exhausted himself—that he has only revealed a modicum of his power. One begins to inquire what kind of sensation he might make in something more substantial than the frothy music of Bellini and Verdi—in Mozart or Meyerbeer, for example.

We must give Madlle. Ortolani, who appeared for the first time in the character of Elvira, the benefit of supposing that indisposition or the nervousness attendant upon a first appearance interfered with the fair display of the powers she possesses. Her intonation was anything but faultless, flats and sharps being scrambled over in a very summary way. A florid ornament in the close of the air, "Son virgin vezzosa," in which some falsetto notes at the extreme pitch of the voice were neatly introduced, drew forth an expression of applause; and the audience encored this piece, which was repeated with some improvement—the executant appearing to gain confidence. Another performance may perhaps enable us to form a more decided opinion on this lady's qualifications as a *prima donna*. Signor Belletti made the most of the air "Cinta di rose," and went through the heavy part of Sir George with his usual ability. The duet "Suoni la tromba intrepido," that wonderful specimen of operatic bombast or burlesque, was given forth by him and Signor Beneventano with an intrepidity of voice which suits the occasion, and was *encored*, by way of indemnification, we suppose, for the general dulness of the act which this piece of rhodomontade concludes.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert of this society took place on Wednesday, and was highly successful in every way. The programme was a promising one, comprising Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*, and the Symphony in A, together with a concerto for the pianoforte, and a duo concertante for violin and viola by Mozart. The *Coriolanus* overture, written by Beethoven in the year 1807, and intended as a prelude to a tragedy written by one M. Von Collins, secretary to the Emperor of Austria, consists of a single movement, *allegro con brio*, throughout. What the tragedy of Von Collins may have been we know not, or whether Beethoven went to it for inspiration. Of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* we cannot find any very distinct traces in the overture. It might be thought to represent some stormy incidents in the life of a man of action, in which the fierce contest of passion is from time to time softened and subdued by tender recollections stealing in. Comparisons of this kind will not admit, however, of being drawn too far, and each one may imagine something different for himself. But whatever this work may have been intended to represent, and whether we connect it with *Coriolanus* or not, it bears the stamp of Beethoven's genius; and, played as it was on Wednesday evening, it cannot fail to produce a profound impression.

The great Symphony in A—written by Beethoven in 1813, when his powers were at their height, but at a time when deafness had already supervened and robbed him of the enjoyment of hearing his own music—is one which we can never hear too often. The musicians know it by heart, and it was played throughout with the nicest precision. This is the work which led C. M. Von Weber to observe that "the author of it was fully ripe for a madhouse." The last movement, even when properly played, is certainly sometimes puzzling to the ear, from the singular complications of discords through which the musician works his way into harmony.

Mozart's concerto in C minor was played by Miss A. Goddard, the piece being her own selection. She showed herself as apt an exponent of Mozart, as she is of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. In the allegro movement, a long and highly-wrought cadenza displayed the qualities of Miss Goddard's touch in the greatest perfection; and, in the last allegretto movement, her reading of the coda, or final flourish, was truly masterly. This wonderful composition of Mozart is a complete dialogue between the pianoforte and the orchestra, each instrument of which has something to say for itself in its turn. The liveliness of the conversation is never suffered to flag—theme after theme is introduced with never-ending variety, or something that has been uttered before appears in a new dress. The first and third movements are the most masterly. The middle or larghetto movement is almost childish in its simplicity; but the very childishness of Mozart is delightful.

The duo concertante for violin and viola was played by Messrs. Sainton and H. Blagrove. The work is one but lately published from Mozart's MS., and is said to have been written when he was at least five-and-twenty years of age—that is, when his genius was already fully matured. It was admirably played; and, if not one of its author's greatest works, it is still full of interest. Mozart has in this work shown off the character of the viola with great effect. It is an instrument which is usually eclipsed by the superior brilliancy of the violin; but such is not the case in the present composition. The andante is one of great beauty, and a resemblance has been traced in it to the first duet in Rossini's *Barbiere*—a coincidence the more remarkable as it does not seem probable that Rossini could ever have heard this piece played.

Madame Rudersdorff sang Beethoven's scene, "Ah! perfido," in her best manner, as well as an air from Meyerbeer's *Roberto*. She was in better voice than when we heard her last. A little air from Handel's *Armida* was sung by Madlle. Solari. It was a sort of antiquarian curiosity, in a concert where Mozart and Beethoven were predominant. But the idea of its introduction is not a bad one. Many a gem lies unheeded in the forgotten operas of Handel which might be reproduced with all the force of novelty. We think, however, that something more interesting than the slight air in question might easily have been found for the purpose. Weber's overture to *Freischütz* concluded the concert, one of the pleasantest for which we have ever had to thank the society.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IF of any man, surely of Leibnitz it may be said, that the very dust of his writings is gold. We may well be grateful, therefore, to M. Foucher de Careil, whose laborious researches in Hanoverian libraries have dug up no mere handfuls of dust, but good solid nuggets, comprising whole treatises and letters by the author of the *Theodice*, which had never before seen the light. Our readers may remember the warm reception which was given two years ago by the literary and philosophical world to the *Refutation of Spinoza* and *Correspondence of Leibnitz*, with which M. Foucher de Careil made his *début* as an editor of *Anecdota*. The volume now before us* forms a fresh contribution in the same direction, shortly to be followed by a third and concluding volume. Among the most important of the *Opuscules* now given to the world are some letters on Descartes and Cartesianism, especially on the Cartesian proofs of the existence of a God. Two abridged translations (with notes) of the *Phædo* and *Theætetus* wear, in the editor's eyes, a most significant aspect, as showing Leibnitz caught in the fact of Platonizing. More directly important, however, are the *Animadversiones ad Weigelium*, on the existence of God, and a tract, *De Libertate*, which explains how Leibnitz was preserved from falling, with Hobbes, into the abyss of a dreary fatalism (*ab hoc precipito me retraxit*), by the advent of a *nova quadam et inexpectata lux*. These few pages deserve to be placed beside Saint Augustine's *Confessions*, or Descartes's *Discours sur la Méthode*. A long correspondence with Arnauld, and a very profound *Discours de Métaphysique*, are placed in an appendix. Having already been partially published by Grotterd, M. Foucher de Careil thought it desirable to separate them from the strictly unedited remains. To the general reader, the short portrait of Leibnitz, sketched by his own hand, as well as an equally sketchy autobiography, will probably present greater interest than the purely philosophical treatises. Should it be asked what new features in the Leibnitzian system are brought to view in these *Anecdota*, our best excuse for withholding a reply will be found in the fact, that the editor takes upwards of 200 pages to give one. We can therefore but refer the reader to this remarkable *Introduction* for information on this head—at the same time, inviting his special attention to a most able note at the end of the volume on the Leibnitzian *les continuitatis* (the key-stone of the system) which shows a familiarity with the deepest philosophical subjects highly creditable to its learned author. On the whole, we cannot better recommend these *Opuscules* than by quoting Leibnitz's own words, written towards the close of his life—*Qui me non nisi editis novit, non novit*.

M. Amédée Renée's *Nièces de Mazarin*† has rapidly reached a second edition. We the less regret that we omitted to notice it on its first appearance, because the improvements now made enable us to recommend it the more confidently to the public. France has pre-eminently a genius for history. The same sympathy for everything in the shape of action, which makes the French drama of the present day the only drama which, after all, has any originality or vitality, sustains and animates that faculty of narration which has filled the historical department of French literature with names which will not easily find their match in any other country. M. Renée had himself given an earnest of

* *Nouvelles Lettres et Opuscules inédits de Leibniz, précédés d'une Introduction*. Par A. Foucher de Careil. Paris: Durand. 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Les Nièces de Mazarin. Études de Mœurs et de Caractères au Dix-septième Siècle*. Par Amédée Renée. Deuxième Edition. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

what he could achieve in this walk by his completion of Sismondi's *History of France*. But the work before us can scarcely be said to belong to history proper. As the title informs us, it is an "Etude de Mœurs et de Caractères au Dix-septième Siècle," and we doubt whether it would ever have been written, if M. Cousin had not led the way in this peculiar style of *boudoir* history by his exquisite Etudes on the *Femmes Illustres* of the seventeenth century—a publication which the reader should have by his side while reading the *Nièces de Mazarin*. No doubt this irruption of biography into the domain of history, this grouping of national events around individual personal centres, has a tendency to narrow that largeness of view so desirable in the writer and the reader of history alike. But on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the miniature painting of individual character which such works, by their very nature, imply, builds up materials which future historians may turn to good account. Where, for example, can we meet with such a graphic picture of the relations which existed between Mazarin and the Queen Mother, and of the consequences which thence ensued, as in the opening pages of the volume before us? We perceive that the writer has exercised all his industry in the investigation, and all his art in the narration of facts, but we are nowhere sensible that he is the servant of an idea, or that he makes his narrative the stalking-horse of any particular system or preconceived theory. So again, when we come to the charming account of the love passages between Mazarin's niece, Marie Mancini, and Louis XIV., it is curious to see the influence exercised by the passionate girl in moulding the character of the almost boy-king—an influence which Mazarin found to be so paramount that his dread lest his niece on becoming a queen should make it her first care to get rid of her uncle, induced him to forbid the bans. We should state in conclusion that after a hundred pages have been devoted to Mazarin and his niece collectively, a separate *Etude* is devoted to each of his seven nieces—his nephew Philippe Mancini, better known as the eccentric Duc de Nevers, being thrown into the lot as a kind of squire of dames. Strange that this Italian adventurer, against whom no lampoon was too coarse and no hatred too deadly, should not only have succeeded in founding, as it were, a kind of Mazarin dynasty, by allying his nieces with the most illustrious houses in Europe, the Estes and the Stuarts, the Vendômes and the Contis, the Bouillons and the Soissons, but should actually have had the refusal of the Grand Monarque himself as a nephew. How these things came to pass it has been M. Amédée René's object to show. He has accomplished his task with a success which the public have not been slow to appreciate as it deserves. The interest of the volume is enhanced by an Appendix full of curious documents respecting Mazarin, his palaces, libraries, galleries, and the like.

The nineteenth volume of Didot's *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* has just made its appearance.* To subscribers it is given gratis, as will be also the last volume of the work when completed—a gratuity which the publishers assure us costs them 20,000 francs. We are happy to find that the intention of completing the undertaking in thirty-two volumes has been abandoned, in consequence of the ever-increasing press of matter. We are informed it will not exceed forty-five. The one before us commences with "Faud-Efendi," and ends with one "Geoffrin." Accordingly, the principal biographies are those of Galen, Galileo, Gall, Gassendi, Gay-Lussac, Vasco da Gama, and Genghis-Khan. As we have already observed, with reference to this publication, the medical and physical articles appear to be executed with particular care, accuracy, and fulness. The five first biographies named above are no deviation from this rule—Gassendi's, in particular, is in its way a *chef-d'œuvre*. As to Vasco da Gama, the name of the writer, M. Ferdinand Denis, the best Portuguese scholar in Europe, is a sufficient voucher for its worth. Of blunders and omissions we have seen but a few. The Gowrie Conspiracy we are not familiar with under the head of Gawry; and the omission of such a name as Gallait (unless it has been similarly travestied, so as to escape our search), the famous painter of Charles the Fifth's Abdication, seems to show that Dr. Hoefer and his colleagues have either no great opinion of Belgian artists, or that they have never been at Brussels.

We have before us the first volume of a new edition of Rabelais,† which is well worthy of the attention of every French scholar, and every reader of the joyous philosopher of Meudon. The edition is compact and unpretending; but if we may judge from the first volume, it not only has the merit of giving every elucidation which a reader of Rabelais ought to want, but also possesses the still rarer merit of excluding a vast amount of rubbish and wordy dissertation, in which previous editors have buried rather than embalmed the text. The notes are excellent in kind, without being oppressive in number—the "Notice Biographique" gives the life and eschews the legend of Rabelais—and the *divertissement* states succinctly and defends with sagacity the sound principles by which the editors

* *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*. Publié par MM. F. Didot Frères, sous la direction du Dr. Hoefer. Tome XIX. Paris. 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Œuvres de Rabelais*. Collationnées pour la première fois sur les éditions originales, accompagnées de notes nouvelles et ramenées à une orthographe qui facilite la lecture, bien que choisie exclusivement dans les anciens textes. Par MM. Burgaud des Maretz et Rathéry. Tome I. Paris: Didot. 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

have been guided in the matter of the text and the orthography. Were it not that one of the rarest qualities in the *genus* Editor is common sense, the marvel would be that these principles had never been acted on before. How does the matter stand? Manuscripts of Rabelais there are none. "On ne connaît de sa main que quelques lettres écrites deux ou trois cents ans après sa mort!" Accordingly, MM. Burgaud des Maretz and Rathéry set themselves to *collate* all the editions, partial or complete, made in Rabelais' lifetime. "Tout le monde pouvait le faire, mais personne ne l'avait fait." If any one wishes to form an idea of the labour which such an undertaking involved we recommend him to peruse the publications of the two Brunets on Rabelaisian bibliography. The question of orthography was still more perplexing than that of the text. To talk of Rabelais' own orthography is a farce. His manuscripts, we have already said, no longer exist; and as to the editions published during his lifetime, not only are no two alike, but no one is consistent with itself. For example:—"Au prologue du Gargantua le mot huile revient quatre fois en six lignes; il est constamment écrit dans une même édition de deux, voire de trois manières différentes." The fact is, as M. Burgaud des Maretz shrewdly observes, the etymological mania which reigned in the sixteenth century in France deluged the editions of that period with the most extravagant caprices in the way of spelling. Great credit, we think, is due to him and his colleague for the judgment which they have shown in refusing to tie themselves to any particular theory. In each case their decision has been founded on patient and laborious researches, entered on *ad hoc*. On the whole, it is a real pleasure in these days to meet with work so conscientiously executed. We trust that the second and concluding volume will contain a copious glossary, as well as a full account of the editions, translations, and *litteratur* generally of Rabelais. We observe that M. Burgaud des Maretz has in preparation a work *sur les Patois de la France*. Would it not be well in drawing up the glossary to mark with an asterisk those Rabelaisian words which still live in the provincial dialects of the country?

No man, perhaps, has been the object of so many conflicting opinions as the great Florentine reformer, Jérôme Savonarola. Of late years in particular, Germany, France, and England have all busied themselves in endeavouring to unravel the motives by which he was actuated, and to determine the ends which he strove to compass. At a yet earlier period we need but dip into Bayle and Naudé, in order to form an idea of the irreconcileable antagonism which has ever prevailed among his biographers. By some he is considered a herald of Luther, by others a precursor of Mazzini. His Florentine contemporaries looked up to him as a prophet and martyr, while, in the present day, he has been ridiculed as a fanatic and a fool. To the recent works of Meier, Hase, Rudelbach, Perrens, and Madden is now being added a fresh *étude*,* by M. Paul. The title is sufficient to indicate the views which the writer is anxious to establish. On his success it would be difficult to pronounce any definite opinion till we see the second volume, where the author will show us Savonarola at work laying the axe to the root of the tree. M. Paul complains that M. Perrens had too much confined himself to the literary and political features of Savonarola's career. Might not Perrens retort that the work before us is too exclusively religious? At the same time, we are willing to admit that no one can read this volume without hesitating to endorse the somewhat disparaging estimate which Perrens and others have formed of Savonarola as an amiable but mistaken and harebrained enthusiast. There is something painfully analogous between the efforts at Italian reform in the fifteenth and those in the nineteenth century. We have the same fitful enthusiasm, the same faltering purpose, the same visionary schemes, the same largeness of idea, and the same impotency in action. This circumstance imparts to the work before us an interest independent of its intrinsic merits. It is to be regretted that M. Paul does not assume a somewhat less passionate tone. Cannot the purity of his Protestantism be preserved intact without resorting to the slang of calling the Pope the Vicar of Satan? Scurrility is the most suicidal of arguments.

Of all the departments of France, Corsica, though the largest, is the least known, the least cultivated, and the least wealthy. M. Jean de la Rocca, born and bred in the island, is anxious to show that it is in every respect deserving of a totally opposite fate. For this purpose he has published a work in which he puts on record his uneasiness at the present condition, and his hopes as to the future prospects of Corsica.† He founds the former on the shameful neglect of which, he alleges, his native island has been the victim at the hands of successive Governments, and the latter on the immense capabilities which Corsica offers to the enterprise of the colonist and the agriculturist in the shape of a scanty population, an excellent climate and soil, and the richest natural productions, such as vines, mulberry-trees, olives and minerals—and, we might add, for the behoof of invalids, mineral waters, some of which have been pronounced by M. Cloquet, to be "the most efficacious in France." Any one who wishes real solid information on Corsica cannot do better than consult this volume. The

* *Jérôme Savonarola, Précurseur de la Réforme, d'après les Oeuvres Originales et les Principaux Historiens*. Par Théodore Paul. Première Partie: *Conversion et Vocation de Savonarola*. *Reformes Monastiques*. Genève: Chervières. 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *La Corse et son Avenir*. Par Jean de la Rocca. Paris: Plon. 1857.

name of De la Rocca is famous in Corsican story; and the honest zeal with which the author of this volume pleads the cause of his fatherland shows that he is no degenerate descendant, if descendant he be.

Prince Galitzin, a Russian Roman Catholic, is engaged in giving to the world homeopathic doses of Russian history, all of which he tells us are subservient to the general aim of refuting the vulgar fallacy that the history of Russia commences with Peter the Great. Two of these tracts are now before us. As bibliographical specimens, they are perfect gems; but their contents are so meagre in matter and interest, that we are disposed to say of them, *materiam superabat opus*. In the year 1595, the bishops of Kief sent a deputation to Rome to declare their communion with the Roman See at the feet of Clement VIII. Baronius, who was then engaged in writing his *Ecclesiastical Annals*, made a pause in his narrative in order to give some account of the Russians.* It is a very scarce translation of this portion of the Annals, made in the year 1599, by one Lescarbot, which the Prince Galitzin has here reprinted. The second of these brochures† is of more stirring interest. It is also a reprint of an account of a rebellion in Russia in the middle of the seventeenth century, written by an English merchant then and there resident. It had become so scarce that Pouschkin, the Russian historian, was only able to find one copy of it. Common authorship is our only excuse for mentioning together with these another publication which has as much in common with them as Tenterden steeples with the Goodwin Sands. It is needless to amplify the title which explains itself.‡ The Antiquarian and Bibliographer will both find their account in the perusal of this curious *Inventaire*. Laborde's invaluable *Glossaire* on the *Inventaire* of the Due d'Anjou will prove a valuable aid to the right understanding of its contents. It is exquisitely got up. The Life of Louise de Lorraine is illustrated by a beautiful engraved portrait—the account of the château by a curious view of the building where the widowed Queen spent the remainder of her sorrowing existence. As specimens of *impressions de luxe*, all these publications are unexceptionable.

England has little to learn from France (excepting what to avoid) in the practice of political economy. In theory, however, France can point to teachers of no ordinary merit. Among these M. Garnier occupies a distinguished place. A third edition, recast and enlarged, of his Political Economy§ is now before us. In brilliancy, vigour, and originality of thought, it cannot be named in the same breath with Bastiat's writings on kindred themes; but those who wish for a succinct account of the elements of the science, will find in M. Garnier a temperate and impartial guide. Defining political economy as "la science qui a pour but de déterminer comment la richesse est et doit être le plus naturellement (équitablement) produite, et répartie dans le corps social dans l'intérêt des individus comme dans celui de la société toute entière," the author divides his work into four heads, namely, the "Production," "Circulation," "Répartition," and "Consommation de la Richesse." It has had the honours of a translation into Italian and Spanish.

Horticulturists, professional and amateur, may be interested in learning that M. Décaisne, the eminent "Professeur de Culture" at the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, has recently commenced the publication of a most sumptuous work in illustration (by coloured plates and letterpress) of all kinds and varieties of fruit-trees and plants.|| The first two *livraisons* are all we have yet seen, but we believe five are published. The work commences with the Pear tribe—a subject which the author has been studying for nine years with a view to this publication. Each kind of fruit will form a monography by itself, to be preceded by an introduction on modes of culture, and terminated by a general index of nomenclature, and a complete list of the synonyms of all known varieties. For the Pear tribe alone, this index reaches over three thousand names. The plates are beautifully executed, being retouched with the hand.

Let us conclude with some selections from the flood of light literature. M. Edmund About's *Germaine*¶ is a second series of the *Mariages de Paris*, and, after *Tolla*, is by far the best work he has yet written. We trust that it is not, like *Tolla*, founded on fact—although the plot is sufficiently preposterous to be a daguerreotype of real life. A Spanish nobleman buys with his gold the hand of a dying girl, the daughter of a pauper aristocrat, on the condition that she will acknowledge as her own a child that he has had by a scheming demon of a mistress, yet living. The idea is that he will get rid of his consumptive

wife in a few months, that his son will be to all intents and purposes his legitimate heir, and regarded by the world as of noble blood on both sides. His wife once in her coffin, he will be able to return to his old love. The scheme fails. The wife goes to Italy and Corfu, instead of going elsewhere, as per contract—in other words, she recovers her health, and the old love gives way to a new and more legitimate affection, the fury of the mistress notwithstanding. The book is written, as usual, with great spirit.

Saintine's *Mutilé** is a very horrible story. An unfortunate author of pasquinades in the sixteenth century is condemned by the Pope Sixte-Quint, whom he had made the butt of his shafts, to be deprived of both his hands and tongue. He wanders about Italy in company with a faithful girl, who is his only consolation amid the persecution and scorn to which his wretched condition too often exposes him. The girl dies, and to madden the pangs of desolation, he is seized with the poetic furor of the *improvisatore* and burns to write or utter what riots within his breast. The book is cleverly written, and of excellent tone, but it is exceedingly painful.

M. Emile Augier has lately been elected a member of the Académie Française, having beaten Victor de Laprade by one vote—18 against 17. This circumstance reminds us that a very neat little edition† of his *Théâtre Complet* has recently been published. The author of *Gabrielle, Diane*, and the *Gendre de M. Poirier* will never lack readers and admirers. In the same format there is also in course of publication an edition of Victor Hugo's poetical works.‡ We have ourselves long been in want of a neat pocket edition of such *chef-d'œuvre* as the *Orientales* and the *Feuilles d'Automne*; and we doubt not that many of our readers will join us in thanking M. Hachette for having supplied what was a great desideratum.

LIFE OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.§

THE concluding volumes of the Life of Sir Charles Napier furnish us with the history of the last ten years of his career. They begin with the latter portion of 1843, when he was still occupied with his first efforts to reduce Scinde to order, and they carry us to September, 1853, when he died. The interest of the two last volumes of the work cannot be compared with that of the two first, for they contain the record of no great military operations or exciting military conquests, and the story is the melancholy one of an old age struggling against real or imaginary injustice and neglect. Still, they cannot fail to heighten the impression made by their predecessors. The marvellous energy which Charles Napier had displayed in the days of his prime, did not forsake him when sickness and heavy misfortunes, and the approach of a certain death, combined to try him. What he thought he ought to do he did, with an absolute indifference to his own ease, or popularity, or life. And, although the achievements of his latter years were not imposing and startling like the victories of Mecanee and Dubba, they were of an arduous and important character, and, both in design and execution, bore the stamp of unquestionable greatness. He showed the cast of his mind even in small things, and was always working to some great end. Four years of government is but a short time when the governors are the first civilized men that have held the country, and when the governed are powerful and lawless barbarians. And yet in four years he made Scinde what inferior men could scarcely have made it in forty. He suppressed slavery, suttees, and infanticide. He converted the fierce robber hordes of Beloches into peaceful tillers of the soil. He constructed vast public works—he made moats, barracks, and canals. He organised the whole system of taxation and collection—he secured and facilitated commerce. When, therefore, in 1847, he took the opportunity of his wife's illness to resign his command, he had done enough to make his name immortal among the list of great Governors of British India, even without taking into account his claims to military fame. He was received with honour and enthusiasm by the public on his return to England; and in 1849, when the tidings of Chillianwallah caused a general panic, he was looked to as the one man that could save India, and was forced on the reluctant Directors by the unanimous voice of England, and by the Duke of Wellington, who told him in language that has become famous, "Either you or I must go." He hurried to Calcutta, and found that the war was over. He had, however, a more difficult task to discharge than that of beating an enemy on the field—he had to use his position as Commander-in-chief to reform the Indian Army. A widely-spread mutiny among the Sepoys caused him the most serious alarm, and he thought himself at liberty to take any steps that might, in his opinion, be necessary to regain the confidence of the native troops. Among other measures, he directed that a deduction of pay, previously ordered by the Supreme Government, should be suspended until the pleasure of the Council could be learnt. For this he was publicly reprimanded by Lord Dalhousie, and, resigning his post in consequence, came back to

* Discours de l'Origine des Russiens. Par Baronius. Traduit en François par Marc Lescarbot. Nouvelle Edition, revue et corrigée par le Prince Galitzin. Paris: Tchener.

† Relation des Particularitez de la Rebellion de Stenko-Razin contre le Grand Duc de Moscovie. Episode de l'Histoire de Russie au Dix-septième Siècle, précédé d'une Introduction et d'un Glossaire par le Prince Galitzin. Paris: Tchener.

‡ Inventaire des Meubles, Bijoux, et Livres éstant à Chenonceaux le huit Janvier MDCCLII. Précedé d'une Histoire Sommaire de la Vie de Louise de Lorraine, Reine de France, suivie d'une Notice sur le Château de Chenonceaux. Par le Prince Galitzin. Paris: Tchener. 1856.

§ Éléments de l'Economie Politique. Par J. Garnier. Paris: Garnier. 1856.

|| Le Jardin Fruitier du Muséum. Par J. Décaisne, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur de Culture au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle. Publié sous les auspices de S.E.M. le Ministre d'Agriculture. Paris: chez F. Didot. 1857. Livraisons 1, 2.

¶ Germaine. Par Edmund About. Hachette. 1857.

* Le Mutilé. Par X. B. Saintine. Paris: Hachette. 1857.

† Théâtre Complet d'Emile Augier. Paris: Michel Lévy. 5 vols. Collection Hetzel Lecou. 1857.

‡ Victor Hugo. Poésies. Paris: Hachette. 1857. Même collection, 32^e: Orientales—Odes et Ballades—Rayons et Ombres—Feuilles d'Automne.

§ The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Napier, K.C.B. Vols. III. and IV. London: Murray. 1857.

England. He enjoyed two years of rest, fretted by many things, and disquieted by public and private anxieties, but still happy, and in the main contented; and when death came on him, it found him as ready to meet it on the bed of sickness as he had so often shown himself on the battle-field.

These volumes are full of expressions of the fierce indignation which tore the heart of Charles Napier, and which seems to have a powerful grasp on that of his brother and biographer. The coarseness of the language, and the violence of the abuse, are quite unlike anything we are accustomed to in these days. Charles Napier was a very fiery and obstinate man, and he delighted in putting his feelings on paper in a strong and emphatic manner. His brother says that his warmth of abuse was rather complimentary to its victim than otherwise, for it was not so insulting as cool contempt would have been. The Napier family have a very moderate notion of what other people would think a compliment; but it is pretty clear that Sir Charles used strong language as a comfort to himself rather than to the recipients. He could never for a moment believe he was wrong. "The more wrong everybody thinks me, the more resolved am I to carry into effect my own opinions." And he thought his few trusted followers as infallible as himself. "If ever," he writes in his *Journal*, "man or woman differs from John Kennedy, they are wrong." As an invariable rule, others were in error, and not he himself, when they differed. There was no one impartial. The Civil Service of India hated him because he upheld the army—the army because he reformed its abuses—the Directors because he exposed their villainy—the Government because some family reason could always be found to account for their protection of his opponents. No one who would not give up a lifetime to the study could, even with access to every document, exactly adjust the balance of right and wrong between him and his adversaries; but we may be sure that a man, of whom his brother says that "he was not inclined to show only his herbivorous teeth in political discussion," could not have been invariably right. Sometimes he was obviously entitled to complain—as, for instance, when, by a very skilful military operation, he put down the tribes of the Cutcheehills, and Lord Ripon, being asked why he had not made public the despatch narrating the achievement, said that he had quite forgotten it. Then, again, no one can deny that the Directors are, as much perhaps from the peculiarity of their positions from anything else, a difficult body to deal with. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that he could, in a good cause, contend successfully with any public body, except the Directors of the East India Company. And Charles Napier's long quarrel with Lord Dalhousie was certainly in some measure provoked, if it is true, as stated in these volumes, that Lord Dalhousie welcomed the new Commander-in-chief on his arrival at Calcutta by saying, "They tell me, Sir Charles, that you are likely to encroach on my authority here, but I will take d—d good care you do not." But even after all allowances are made, such sentences as the following are scarcely the things to write, much less to print—"Would that every insulting word Lord Ellenborough used towards the Court of Directors were a thirteen-inch shell." "Lord Dalhousie—poor little pig." "My pond has been dug, and if Lord Grey were thrown in and Lord Ripon upon the top of him, they would fatten my eels famously." It is true that these expressions occur in private journals and letters, and therefore the fault is perhaps rather in the brother who publishes than in the brother who wrote them. But we have examples to show that Sir Charles used his other than herbivorous teeth very publicly. In 1851, he reviewed a regiment, about which some misstatements, or as Sir W. Napier calls them, "loathsome falsehoods," had been published, and the following were the terms in which he addressed the men:—

Men of the 78th Highlanders! I tell you, men, and tell you on your parade—I tell you that this vile story of the march is an infamous, a damnable, a worse than damnable lie. I saw you embark at Sukkur, and the state you were then in was enough to break my heart; but the low lying papers of India never broke my heart—they never will, and they may go to—

We do not, however, think that the impression produced by Sir Charles Napier's language, even at its utmost stretch, is a very unpleasant one. He hated anything that looked like a want of frankness, and perhaps took some pleasure in showing how open he could be. It must also be remembered that almost all the strong things he wrote were penned in the confidence of privacy. With Sir William Napier the case is quite different. He is writing at a considerable distance of time after the events which stir his wrath. He is a living man, writing in the most deliberate way about other living men. He has not the excuse of the precipitancy of anger. What, then, are we to think of the terms in which he speaks of eminent men of the present day? Any man, however high his position and unimpeachable his character, who has ventured to criticise the actions of Sir Charles Napier is made the object of the most outrageous expressions of scorn and insult. He has to mention Lord Dalhousie for the first time, and he lets us know what we are to expect by speaking of "the miserable jealousy and foulness of the weak, vain creature to whose misgoverning India was delivered." But a much less quarrel than that with Lord Dalhousie opens the vials of his wrath. Lord Grey, when Lord Howick, found fault in the House of Commons with what he thought the unnecessary wars of Sir C. Napier, which he attributed to the thirst for prize-money. On this, Sir W. Napier, writing twelve years afterwards, remarks—"Lord Howick had doubtless been studying his own family records, and finding his patrimony had been largely increased by the noted

rious disgraceful rapacity of his grandfather at the siege of the Havanna, thought such conduct a natural concomitant of command; his error was in thinking Charles Napier's blood as base as his own." Lord Shaftesbury, on another occasion, expressed an opinion that there had been too much bloodshed in Scinde. Sir Charles Napier, hearing of this, wrote a defence to his brother, which his brother forwarded to Lord Shaftesbury. "The answer I received," says the biographer, "brought a conviction that Lord Ashley's philanthropy, though not to be despised, was yet of a nature to qualify him rather for the guardianship of a pond of sweet pap for babies than the welfare of nations, as Charles Napier's was."

The headstrong violence of the biographer, and his belief in the infallibility of the Napier family, make him often absolutely unable to judge of the most ordinary and obvious occurrences and actions. In the table of contents we find the summary of one chapter ending, "Affront to Outram and Preparation for a Duel. Jacob and Outram shrink." We turn to the text, and we find that Napier was at this time in his seventieth year, that he was ill of a disease which was visibly carrying him off, and that he had just returned to England from holding the highest military office in India. Setting aside all other objections to a duel, was this a man with whom any honourable opponent would have dreamed of fighting? Colonel Outram would have been inexcusable if he had not "shrunk," and any one but a Napier would see this, and not attack an enemy with so petty and unfair a weapon. Again, when the cause of Sir C. Napier's resignation of his high post in India was known in England, and it became the duty of the Duke of Wellington to give an opinion on it, the Duke, in a very carefully-written memorandum, pronounced Sir C. Napier wrong. On this the biographer remarks that the Duke was by this time in a state of dotage. Nor can any matter be too small to arouse Sir W. Napier's indignation, if the Napier family are ever prevented from doing exactly as they like. A neighbour in Hampshire shot a favourite dog belonging to Sir Charles, who brought an action for damages. The first verdict was against him, but a new trial being granted he got ten shillings damages. Sir C. Napier is very angry at the smallness of the sum, and says that the "offender escaped just punishment by management." He seems to be utterly unable to see that two juries might be right on the point. Nor can he understand that even the most eminent of living judges might by possibility know more law than he does. Sir C. Napier moves in the Queen's Bench for a mandamus against the East India Company, and the mandamus is refused by Lord Campbell. Sir W. Napier is furious at this, and thinking that he has an act of Parliament in his favour, says, "this was indeed judge-made law over-riding statute law." Shortly afterwards, we hear that Sir Charles Napier moved for a criminal information against the publisher of a review, in which he had been attacked. The Court of Queen's Bench thought the article had not exceeded the limits of fair criticism. This Sir W. Napier describes by saying, "the matter was argued before Lord Chief Justice Campbell and the Justices Wightman, Erle, and Coleridge: and from them Charles Napier again experienced 'judge-made law.' The rule was refused with insult. Thus a second time he was denied even a trial by the same judge, and seemed to be placed beyond the pale of law altogether."

But whatever may be the fault of the biography, it has the merit of making known to us, in his strength and his weakness, a great man. Nor is it only his military capacity, which the Duke of Wellington pronounced equal to the most difficult operations of war, that makes us speak of him as great. His greatness is in his character as a whole; and for once we have a biography which does really let us know what the subject of the biography was like. The hero gains by our seeing his weaker side. Few readers will go through these volumes without something of affection springing up for this man, so frank, and tender, and true. His religious confidences are to us more than ordinarily touching, because they are much more than ordinarily sincere, and are not enveloped in a cloud of conventional language. We can believe him when he tells us that he does not long for an earthly coronet, but for a coronet in the central sun which he conceives to be the abode of the blest. These volumes, too, are rich in the fruits of his experience and wisdom; and his opinions on the position of the English in India, and on the dangers to be apprehended from the relations subsisting between native troops and their European officers, will be sure to command a respectful attention. If this biography had not been written, Englishmen would soon have lost all but a shadowy recollection of his name. Now that these volumes are within their reach, they will easily understand why it was that every soldier that could obtain leave flocked to the funeral of Charles Napier—why a statue, chiefly erected by the contributions of private soldiers, was placed in the most conspicuous site that London has to offer—and why the nation looked to him as its champion and saviour in the hour of danger.

DANTE.*

THE work of a great poet is a subject on which we are glad to hear the opinion of any thoughtful man. Fresh light is pretty sure to discover a new beauty. Mr. Carlyle showed us how the grand Italian was glowing with every human impulse of

* Dante. Studien von F. Chr. Schlosser. London: Williams and Norgate.

sorrow, and scorn, and love. Mr. Church, in an almost unequalled essay, pointed out how the poet's religious life embodied the grand ideas of mediæval Catholicism; and Mr. Ruskin told us that his vision of the invisible world was true to those perceptions of natural beauty in wood and mountain which the artistic culture of his age allowed. Not the least singular fact is the certainty with which criticism explores the *Divina Commedia*, while it draws back baffled from *Hamlet* and *Faust*, understanding the past, and only commentating the present. And this in part, no doubt, is explained by the mere fact that we live too near to Goethe and Shakespeare—simply because we feel them so intensely, we cannot analyse the thoughts which they have expressed. But a reader solution lies at hand. Dante is the poet of systems and of society—a citizen of Florence, with its jealous guilds and narrow interests—a soldier for the phantom of Roman Empire, which he thinks that the Hohenstaufen have inherited from the Caesars—a believer in the Italian Church, which to him embraces all men and extends over all time—a Platonist, to whom the framework of earth is only the shadow and counterpart of a grander reality above. Hence, in proportion as we understand his country and his times, we understand the poet in whom all these were summed up. Little stories of his boyhood and growth, the ideal purity of his early love, and the stern bitterness of his exile, are, indeed, of inexpressible interest, as they serve to explain passages, but they are only threads interwoven in a varied web—they give us in some sense the man but not the poet. But the great prominence of individual life, which has been the leading fact of the last three centuries, has curiously coloured their works of art. Passion working out its own Nemesis, as in the *Giaour* and *Maud*, has succeeded the orderly circles of the *Inferno*—doubt, “crying for the light,” may well regret the steep ascent of the *Purgatorio* leading upwards into the sunshine of Heaven. Whilst, therefore, the social questions of our day are thrown into the form of a drama or personal narrative, of *Faust* or *Aurora Leigh*, whatever was personal in Dante was merged in the epic completeness of that imaginary society which the poet raised on the foundations of the real. The *Vita Nuova*, or song of his actual life, is the vestibule to the temple of the *Divina Commedia*.

To establish this connexion between poems which seem to have only the name of Beatrice in common, is among the objects of the *Studies on Dante* which the German historian, Schlosser, has given to the world. It is not a book which can be very highly praised. A number of essays, written at various times, are reproduced, it would seem, without any change, are disfigured by constant repetitions, and are mostly a mere compilation from different commentators. Generally, it may be said, that the less important parts are the most successful. The connexions of verse and verse, or of imagery and thought, have often been happily traced by the original scholiast, and are clearly and prettily reproduced at greater length. The more ambitious essays that connect the poet with Neo-Platonism are true only from a point of view which the critic has not seized. In fact, that minute verbal criticism in which the German school of thought delights is nowhere more hopelessly at fault than with Dante. To attempt to understand him by the scrutiny of words and comparison of sentences is like estimating the merits of a statue from a chemical analysis and trigonometrical survey. Hence Herr Schlosser's book is scarcely one that will assist beginners, though it may furnish a pleasant hour to those who are well acquainted with the text of the poem, and can value the learned prattle of a minute philosopher.

The chapters on the opening canto of the *Inferno* contain an expansion of some excellent notes by Rossetti. The choice of Virgil as the poet's guide is happily explained. The glorified spirit of Beatrice would have been out of place in the circles of torment and penance, which the Roman, shut out from the Christian Paradise, but not in the company of the lost, might safely and easily tread. It is human wisdom leading to the feet of divine love. Again, the poet who made Latin classical would naturally befriend the father of the Italian tongue—he who had watched Æneas over Styx and through the Elysian fields might assist the later pilgrim—the favourite of Augustus and the prophet of the Roman Empire could best understand and answer the thoughts of the Ghibelline. Moreover, that sharp line of demarcation which is thought, with us, to distinguish ancient from modern history, found no place in the apprehension of the Italian. Every citizen of the little Republics of Italy, inheriting as he did the municipal constitution and traditions of the Empire, believed himself the heir in unbroken succession of the *Senatus Populusque Romanus*. The Florentine who, when his workmen struck for pay, harangued the foremen as factious tribunes, and their underlings as a mutinous commonality, with a fervid speech out of Livy, was only expressing common ideas in a somewhat pedantic manner. It might be interesting to inquire whether or not the confusion with Virgil of Salzburg, which invested the Latin poet with the credit of a magician, may not have contributed unconsciously to the part which has here been assigned him. But it will probably be thought that the reasons already given are clear and adequate. The opening line of the poem shows a vein of curious superstition. Dante declares his vision to have taken place when he was thirty-five, though we know that the work was really composed at a later time of life. Probably he was influenced by Aristotle's dictum, that thirty-five is the culminating epoch of manhood. The forest in which he wanders seems to be Florence, or the times generally, with their wild tangle of parties and ideas. This

will harmonize with the true explanation of the three beasts that meet him. The leopard or lion is the cognizance of the House of Anjou—the wolf, the immemorial emblem of Rome—while the panther described by the poet's teacher, Brunetto Latini, as “a beast whose skin is coloured with white and black spots,” recalls the Bianchi and Neri who divided Florence. This is connected with the Aristotelic division of vices—malice, intemperance, and brutal degradation. But the application is in no sense personal to the poet—otherwise the allusion to Can della Scala, “who is to hunt the wolf through every town till he drive her back into hell,” would be meaningless. Nor would the poet have spoken of himself as molested or tainted by deadly sins at the moment when he is setting out on a pilgrimage which is only to end in heaven. The trees and bushes which check without opposing, are considered to represent those quiet, respectable citizens who took no part in the civil contests except to protect themselves. The matter is not one of great importance; but it is certainly favoured by the analogies of Aristotle's *Psychology*, in which the vegetative is distinguished from the human and animal parts of the vital principle or soul. And the same distinction reappears somewhat farther on. While the sins of animal passion are expiated under fiery hail, or in urns of burning steel, “the depth of hell refuses to receive the souls of those who have lived without infamy and without honour, for fear the damned should triumph over them.”

The greater part of the *Studies on Dante* is, however, devoted to the examination of the poet's general scheme. Partly drawing from the older commentators, Landino and Velutello, partly relying on his own analysis, the critic attempts to harmonize his author's works with one another, and with the time. If his results be true, the *Vita Nuova*, the history of Dante's early years, records the purification of suffering, by which earthly and animal passion is sublimed into love. It first becomes spiritual at the grave of Beatrice. Then, endowed with insight that can pierce the darkness of the invisible world, it is prepared to apprehend the order which links together guilt with agony, and weakness with pain, and holiness with glory. In the splendour of “that Rome of which Christ is a citizen,” is contained a scarcely hidden protest against the degradation of the Italian Papacy. The condemnation of the guilty Popes and their claims to empire must therefore be taken as the indignant expression of a mind that desires a religion without a church. The same preference of spirit to form is apparent everywhere. The waters of Lethe may not be drunk till the higher purpose that lies deep in the fountain of Eunoë has justified forgetfulness. Again, a sphere of glory is assigned to those on whom sin was forced against their will, for it is not the act which dishonours. But because the complex organism of the will may perhaps have admitted an element, if not of guilty consent, of reluctant acquiescence, the souls on whom this shadow rests are shut out from the higher light. The vision ends where the pilgrim's real life began, in the widening circles of love.

Such, in brief, is atheory which makes a mystical Neo-Platonism the key to the great mediæval Epos. The fragment of truth which has rendered such a view possible, and its utter falsity, are alike apparent. Platonism was the philosophical faith of the times, because it harmonized with European religion and politics, or rather perhaps with the mental conditions from which both these were derived. It made intelligible a visible order to men who could not have understood a spiritual unity, for against the discrepancies of natural objects it asserted a divine reality. It spoke of a symmetry in the natural world such as then existed in the hierarchy of the Church or in the secular gradations of the empire. And it referred the sources of perception to the mind at a time when the very scantiness of knowledge disqualified men from interpreting nature except by reference to the facts of consciousness and will. But the thought of the times, from these very analogies, always tended to appropriate material images. Feudalism is the multiplication, in personal forms, of law and sovereignty; transubstantiation is the attempt to express a personal Omnipresence. And this materializing tendency was especially congenial to the Italian intellect—the only one which was actively vigorous throughout the middle ages, and which has always uttered its thoughts in symbols, since the days when property was first transferred in the Forum with money and brazen scales. An Italian to the very heart's core, Dante could hardly be otherwise than true to the Church, which was based upon Roman law and moulded by Italian thought—which claimed the Gregories and Innocent as its virtual founders, the Piedmontese Anselm as its greatest apologist, and Francis of Assisi as its most congenial saint. He attacked the Papacy as he censured Florence, not from treacherous enmity, but from the bitterness of indignant love. Because the ideal Catholicism seemed grand to him beyond all imagination, he doomed to the terrible judgments of God all those whose impurities or intrigues dishonoured the Church of which Christ himself was the cornerstone. Thus Empire and Papacy were to him ideas as eternal as sun and moon—the parts of one great system. He is perhaps an idealist, as every genuine man must be who is forced to witness a practice below his creed—he is certainly not a mystic. He does not long, in the dreamy phrases of Plotinus, for “that life which turns aside from the things of earth, and has no pleasure in them”—he does not see, “in the flight of the monad to the monad,” a yearning after “that absolute unity which is the eternal fountain of virtue and the source of divine love.” Both as philosopher and artist he has a position above the

symbolism of his faith. He does not need to examine—he accepts and defends it. Nor would Neo-Platonism have given him such a mystagogue as Beatrice. That conception is purely chivalrous and Catholic. The drivelling of Alexandrian logicians never formulized that reverence for woman into which the instincts of a poet and gentleman shaped themselves. Other idle fancies had possessed him, as his sonnets attest, but his love for her had been the purest passage of his life. He looked upon her from a distance in processions, like the gracious presence of the Madonna—his dreams showed her to him as she lay in death, “with such true humility, that it seemed as though she said ‘I am at peace.’” But perhaps the best answer for those who persist in considering Dante, not as the citizen and churchman of mediæval Italy, but as a hidden sceptic, or reformer before the Reformation, is to refer them to the other great work of the same century in which the growing tendency to revolt of the English mind is indicated. The *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, where a pilgrim wanders over the world, seeking vainly some one to guide him to the Castle of Truth, begins from the tacit assumption that the outward order of the Church is not the House Beautiful. The guide who at last appears directs to a practical life of charity, and offers a pardon which no priest can bestow. The poem itself closes with the triumph of Anti-christ—the more melancholy because closely preceded by the splendid drama of the Resurrection. But the poet has no belief that the lost Apostolate can be restored, even by him who shattered the gates of Hell. Like his Norse ancestors in the *Völuspa* Saga, he is content to preach that good should be followed, though the powers of darkness will prevail. Such was the true position of speculative doubt—a pilgrim without part in the present, without fellowship, and without hope. And quite other is the vision of Dante, who reconstructs the dishonoured Church on the other side of time, and travels upward through its penitential altars to the cloud of glory that rests on the mountain-brow.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.*

WE have frequently had occasion to express pretty clearly our opinion of the merits of Sir Archibald Alison. We need not, therefore, in noticing the new volume of his history which has been recently published, attempt any further estimate of the general characteristics of his mind or writings. For those who are not offended by a verbose and careless style, who are contented with a meagre list of authorities, and who believe that the currency is the be-all and end-all of human society, Sir Archibald's works must always have charms quite independent of the subject matter to which they refer. To more exacting readers, they are valuable as affording almost the only history of very recent events which aims at permanence. Till an abler writer comes forward to take his place, Sir Archibald must continue to be nearly the only resource of those who wish to have an account of the last half century which is certainly much more portable than the *Times*, or even than the *Annual Register*. Envelopment in the dense Scotch mist—moral, intellectual, and sometimes even grammatical—in which the landscape is shrouded, is the price which they must pay for the convenience. There is no part of history with which men in general are less acquainted than that which the Scotch say “marches” with contemporary politics. Put an object too near your eye, and it is distorted; put it beyond a certain point, and it becomes clear; but between the two there is one small interval where it is almost invisible. Much in the same way we look upon the occurrences of the last few years with all the minute recollection and warm feeling which they excited when we first read of them as articles of news. When we look back for a certain distance, men and things assume that indescribable “historical” aspect which we all perceive but which no one can explain. Between the two there is a debateable land, peopled partly by the present and partly by a past generation—which has lost the freshness of contemporary interest, and has not gained the dignity of history.

The sixth volume of Sir Archibald's History relates the affairs of France from 1837 to 1841—those of England from 1834 to 1841—and concludes with a sketch of the history of British India from the end of the Mahratta war in 1806 to the disasters of the Afghan campaign in 1842. The chapters on India please us decidedly the best, or we ought perhaps to say, contain least of what grates upon our feelings. They do certainly begin with an original speculation on the “Universal feeling of mankind to resist foreign aggression,” which is followed by an inquiry into the abstruse “reasons of this universal feeling.” The universal feeling is simply that people do not like aggression, and the reason is, because it is unpleasant. There is also a good deal of shallow denunciation of the Company's government, founded on the exaggerated language of a French writer, but apart from this there is less to object to than usual. Sir Archibald does not lack vivacity, and his short abstract of a few popular books on the Afghan campaign is spirited and readable. There is also a good deal of life in the account of the Pindarree, the Burmese, and the Ghoomki wars, the storm of Bhurtpore, and the Vellore mutiny.

With respect to France, England, and the United States (which last receive a passing notice of about forty pages), Sir Archibald is, in the present volume, in a less cross-grained mood than usual.

His currency crotchetts, as might have been expected, leave upon the reader's mind the impression of a Scotch reel danced by phantoms; but the fact that “Providence has opened vast banks of issue in California and Australia” exercises a soothing influence over the Lanarkshire seer, who looks upon one-pound notes, or their equivalents, as the chariot of Israel and the horses thereof. The particular passage of French history to which he directs his readers' attention, is—when it is read by the light of subsequent occurrences—one of the most melancholy passages in the history of modern Europe. We know of hardly any other which so curiously illustrates the text, “Thou hast multiplied the nation and not increased the joy.” With few exceptions, the principal events between 1837 and 1841 must be matter of painful, sometimes humiliating, reflection to every Frenchman. The increase of wealth caused by the great modern mechanical inventions, and especially the establishment of a well-organized network of railroads connecting together the principal towns in the country, are a considerable set-off to the gloomy aspect of political affairs; but there is something not only terrible, but affecting, in the waste of courage and of many other noble qualities which characterized the whole of the feverish reign of Louis Philippe. Nothing can be more melancholy than the records of the series of abortive conspiracies and useless bloodshed by which one secret society after another attempted to establish a new order of things. In reading the history of such events as the insurrection of May 12, 1837, we feel something of the same kind of regret which is excited by hearing of a spirited schoolboy being maimed for life in a school fight. It is sad to think that so many brave men should have found no better use for courage, ingenuity, and a self-devotion at times almost heroic, than that of bringing destruction on themselves, and ultimately of preventing the growth of the liberties of their country; and these reflections acquire all the more force from the circumstance that it is impossible not to see that no two things could be more opposed to each other than the end and the means of such men as Barbès and his associates. Nothing can be more hopeless than the notion of obtaining political freedom by the slavish organization of secret societies.

The politics proper of France during the period in question are not much more satisfactory. The war of parties which signified the establishment and the overthrow of the government of Marshal Soult in 1837, and of that of M. Thiers in 1840, furnished, no doubt, abundant subjects of discontent for those who were in favour of a second revolution. It is impossible to read the history of them without seeing how weak was the bond which united the various sections of French politicians, and how deep and ineradicable were the motives to mutual distrust by which they were divided. The spectacle of a king fortifying his capital against his people, a people forming secret associations for the overthrow of their government, and two knots of politicians, each watching its opportunity of overturning the existing order of things to bring in the representatives of a defeated party, enables us to understand, though it may not induce us to sympathize with, those who at no very distant period drew from the spectacle the practical conclusion that constitutional government, with its petty personal springs of action, its compromises, its half measures, and its general uncertainty and vacillation, was a mere conventional good—sham, destined to be swept away by advancing cultivation. We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of a great and friendly nation, but we cannot help saying that, though Louis Philippe's reign may naturally enough have excited such feelings, Louis Napoleon's ought to suggest an answer to them. Constitutional government no doubt exhibits, but it does not produce, the defects of human nature—on the contrary, it has a tendency to cure them by the very fact that it lays them open to criticism. In short, the moral of this melancholy story would seem to be that we should recognise the provocation which the revolutionary party received, without denying that they did not take the proper steps to remove their grievances.

The annals of England during the period to which Sir Archibald's volume refers must also be read in the light of the experience of a later time. Viewed merely as it stands, the history of the ten years which followed the Reform Bill is not a brilliant one. We turn to it with a strange feeling. Men still young can perfectly remember discussions upon subjects now as completely settled as the succession of the House of Hanover. Twenty years ago, emigration hardly existed, and over-population was the great terror of the day. Twenty years ago, “the number of agricultural labourers in Ireland actually exceeded those of England by 75,000.” There were “585,000 heads of families who for seven months in the year were without employment, and the persons dependent on them were 1,500,000 more.” Murders in many of the counties were reckoned by hundreds, and discontent and agitation were on the increase, and did not reach their maximum for full seven years. Scotland, at about the same time, was by no means exempt from distress. It is exactly twenty years since the famous strike of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, which involved a dreadful amount, not only of misery, but of crime of the most serious kind, and issued in the arrest and trial of sixteen persons for organized conspiracies to murder. In England, the course of events was by no means a very cheering one. Chartism, now almost a forgotten word, was growing to a head, and in the year 1840 actually broke out into insurrection at Birmingham and Newport. In the colonies we

* *History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852.* By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Vol. VI. Blackwood.

had two Canadian rebellions, and at the other end of the world we were involved in a Chinese war. The great actions of the time were mostly negative. It was the very height of what Mr. Carlyle rather cynically called the "scavenger" age. Corrupt corporations, rotten boroughs, obsolete laws, cruel punishments capriciously inflicted, and many other excrencences and malformations were removed in abundance; and a vast variety of the great physical undertakings which have so greatly altered the face of the nation and the manners of its inhabitants were set on foot. Great and indispensable as all these operations were, it is impossible to look back upon them without feeling their incomplete and preliminary character. To put down an abuse is a great thing, no doubt, but the peans which follow it are soon exhausted, and the question is, What next? Continual reforming is like living on medicine, and though the doctor is an indispensable person we are generally glad to have done with him. A great nation wants results as well as machinery. The answer to such criticism as this is, that it is impossible to take a fair estimate of the value of the great changes which ushered in the last quarter of a century, without paying special attention to the records of the last ten years. We doubt whether the history of mankind affords a more splendid justification of a generous policy. The manner in which free discussion, temperate good sense, and mutual forbearance alleviated the distress of the poor, abolished all serious political discontent, and brought the nation safely through war, famine, pestilence, and the contagion of political convulsions which shook every State in Europe to its foundations—form a subject worthy of the highest historical genius. We do not see any reason to expect that Sir Archibald Alison will tell the story of the last fifteen years as it ought to be told, but whoever does so will win the highest rank amongst modern historians.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.*

MR. LEVER has chosen to submit his reputation to a very hazardous trial. He has given us a novel which is intended to be of a kind entirely different from any of his others, and to aim at a much higher success. He acknowledges that hitherto his popularity has been mainly owing to movement and action—the stir of incident, and a certain light-heartedness and gaiety of temperament. But he tells us that he has long entertained a belief that his true skill lies in the "detection of character and the unravelling of that tangled skein which makes up human motives." "To test my conviction," he says, "or to abandon it for ever, I have written the present story of *Glencore*." Such is the purpose of the author, and the reader quickly finds that, at any rate, he has been sacrificed, whatever may be the issue to the reputation of the writer. The *Fortunes of Glencore* is the very dullest book that ever came from the pen of a man with any pretensions to literary power. It is only endurable because, from page to page, we try to persuade ourselves that surely the author of *Harry Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley* cannot always continue to go on with such floods of feeble prosing, and that the good part must be coming. But the end of the story is, if possible, worse than the beginning, and the third volume heavier than the first. We may state our opinion unreservedly, for Mr. Lever tells us, in the preface, that he knows the story is not amusing, and that he does not wish it to be. His object is to unravel the complicated skein of human character, to analyse motives, and so forth—he does not seek to interest or amuse the reader.

We are therefore precluded from speaking of the story, such as it is, or of the scenes in which it is laid. We are invited solely to look at what Mr. Lever has solely striven to accomplish—"the faithful portraiture of character, the close analysis of motives, and correct observation as to some of the manners and modes of thought which mark the age we live in." This is the standard by which we are to judge the book, and judged by this standard we think it an entire failure. This failure we conceive to have arisen partly from the author having adopted a theory of composition which we consider completely wrong, and partly from his having chosen most unfortunate subjects on which to exhibit the practical operation of his theory.

Let any man who has, or who fancies he has, a power of reading character and of penetrating into the motives of others, go into a large mixed assembly, and fasten his attention on the behaviour of two or three persons to whose history he has some slight previous clue. He will soon begin to make discoveries, and to shape his thoughts, at first hazy and indefinite, into some consistent shape. He persuades himself that he sees the continuity of the game that is played before him. He finds a central secret around which he can cluster the most trifling acts and the most passing looks of those whom he is examining. It becomes an amusement to him, if he cares to indulge in it, to go both backwards and forwards in thought, and to construct a past and a future in harmony with what he actually sees, or supposes himself to see, before him. He thinks, for instance, that a woman is talking to an old lover, and stung by his indifference is striving to subdue all traces of her emotion, and yet to revenge the neglect by bitter, though honeyed, words. This may be all fancy, but an observer who has a turn for the pursuit can soon conjure up in imagination, or remember from

previous inspection of the same or other persons, an earlier scene in the history of the wounded heart. But he is always a spectator, he always regards the phases of past passion as he regards the one before his eyes. He stands without and beside it, and merely watches and reports on it. "Opportunities of society," says Mr. Lever, "as well as natural inclination, have disposed me to such studies." We can quite believe it; but observation of this sort goes a very short way towards writing a novel of character. We want to have the heroes of a novel created, not reported on—we want to have them brought before us, and made to act and talk as persons would do under the supposed circumstances. Instead of this, we have in the *Fortunes of Glencore* merely the remarks of a spectator on the puppets of his imagination. We do not discover the motives of action and the traits of character by reading the story, but by the author informing us what we are to see. The most prominent person in the book is a Lord Glencore, who, in a fit of jealousy, separates from his wife, and retires to a life of solitude in Ireland, until at last, in a desperate thirst for revenge, he determines to disavow the marriage, and to dishonour his wife at the price of bastardizing his son. We learn that he was devoured with burning jealousy, that he had a frightful scene with his son, and that subsequently, at a wonderful interview with George IV., he was thrown into a sudden derangement by hearing that the iniquities he had attributed to his wife ought really to have been laid on the shoulders of Queen Caroline. But there is no attempt made to portray jealousy—we have no account of the scene between the father and the son, or of that between the subject and his Sovereign. We have only remarks—the remarks of an outside spectator—on these events in Lord Glencore's life. Set forth at length, and stated in fine words, all we have is but the natural observation of a bystander, that the cruelty of the father was horrid, and the indignation of the son extreme, or that the interview between poor Glencore and the King was a very curious affair. There is not the slightest attempt made throughout the book to be dramatic—and to be dramatic is indispensable in a novel that is designed to portray character. Mr. Lever's theory seems to be that it is all the same whether character is exhibited or observed; and this is, we think, the great mistake of his book.

But if Lord Glencore's character is feebly and flatly drawn, and his sayings and doings wearisome, he at least outshines two of the subsidiary characters who have nearly half the work devoted to them. They are a male and female diplomatist. The male diplomatist is bad enough, but the female diplomatist, the Princess Sablouski, is insufferable. The gentleman is an English ambassador, who is supposed to have the art of saying the most cutting things with the most consummate politeness. He exemplifies the plan on which the book is written; for as Mr. Lever's observation doubtless suggested that polite men can be cutting, he conceives he ought to invent a man who shall always work on the same pattern. Accordingly, when this male diplomatist converses with his most intimate friends under the most favourable circumstances, he grossly insults them in every third sentence, doing it of course with "that peculiar smile, that well-managed delivery, that happy cadence," &c. &c., but still grossly insulting them. This is not cheerful, but the female diplomatist, one of that awful race of errant princesses who are supposed to guide the destinies of Continental nations, is overpowering. There is plenty of description of her skill and cunning and boundless knowledge, but when she talks she is like a pert country girl repeating all she can remember of the last article she has read in the *St. James's Chronicle*. When this sort of dead weight is thrown upon a story that has no plot, and no incident, the general effect is not very satisfactory.

We have no hesitation in saying how poor and dull we think the *Fortunes of Glencore*, for Mr. Lever expressly tells us that it is a single experiment, standing apart from his past, and we hope his future, course of writing. By all means let us get back to our old friends the rowdy lieutenants, clearing ten feet of stone wall on their favourite grey mares, leading "ours" up a precipice into the teeth of a battery, and singing songs with the most disreputable Irish priests. Those old favourites of the public were amusing and interesting. They were full of dash, fun, and adventure. Harry Lorrequer was as much better than the Princess Sablouski as a half-holiday is better than a lecture upon optics. We entreat Mr. Lever to take us back to Ireland. Surely the stock of heroic feats is not at an end. If necessary, we had rather that the peculiar kind of excitement were increased than have any more novels of character. We would gladly see the lieutenant of a new story leaping twenty feet of wall, and personally finishing the Peninsular War with a pocket-pistol, rather than that we should have to undergo any more of the terrible trials which the Princess delivers on Continental politics.

THE BASSES PYRENEES.*

WHEN the project of dividing France into departments was first discussed, Dominic Garat, a member of the bar of Bordeaux, protested energetically against some of its provisions in the interest of those southern populations which had sent him as a deputy to the great council of the nation. He said—

The Basques have their language, the Bearnese have their *patois*, and they can never by any chance understand each other. It is vain to hope

* *The Fortunes of Glencore*. By Charles Lever. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

* *Biarritz entre les Pyrenees et l'Océan*. Par A. Chaho. Bayonne: Andreassy. 1856.

that the Bearne can learn to speak Basque. There is an old story that the devil himself, after passing seven years in our provinces, in the study of that beautiful idiom, only knew at the end of the time two words, *bai* yes, and *ez* no. His acquisitions in the Euskarian tongue did not get beyond that. Although the Bearne are cleverer than the devil, they won't succeed much better in learning Basque. My story makes you smile. Under a popular and trivial form, it conceals a great truth. The Bearne and the Basques can never get on together. They seldom agree, and there is not much love lost between them. Let us take good care not to put them in the same department.

That law of modern civilization to which Niebuhr directs attention—that small isolated communities should gradually be absorbed, or extinguished—prevailed over the eloquence and the honest zeal of Garat, and the ancient viscounty of Bearn was joined to the Basque districts of Soule, Basse Navarre, and Labourd, to form the department of the Basses Pyrénées. Looked at from the point of view of the physical geographer, this region forms a sufficiently well-marked division of the earth's surface. It consists of a portion of the mountains, of their extensive outworks, and of the alluvial plains along the courses of the rivers which flow from their cold caves. The contrast which it presents to the department of the Landes, which bounds it on the north-west, is particularly striking. That country is a monotonous level, cut up by frequent water-courses, both natural and artificial, variegated with patches of cultivation, and only broken by long lines of pine-trees. The surface of the Basses Pyrénées, on the other hand, is extremely varied. Fields of rich pasture and breadths of corn-land alternate with soil which has never been reclaimed to the use of man, and is covered by the dwarf-furze and the *Genista Anglica*. The vineyards which hang on the hill-sides, are interspersed with plantations of oak, or with thickets of brushwood. From the slopes of a bare and heathy hill, the eye ranges over twenty villages, forming almost a continuous city in the valley below, and a spring day's walk carries the traveller from the realm of the frost-giant to the hot plains where the Judas-tree is in full flower, and the peasants are beginning to sow their maize. The climate, although variable, is not subject to those terrible extremes which render the Provence of the poets so very undesirable a residence for ordinary flesh and blood. The Pyrenees, standing up like a mighty wall, defend the country at their northern base from the hot breath of Africa, and the west wind bears on its wings the vapours of the Atlantic, to give freshness and beauty to the landscape. Ascend a church-tower in Bearn, at the same season, and you will see everywhere the delicate green of the poplar, the rich clusters of the lilac, and the half-expanded foliage of the oak. The vegetation in the lower parts of the department is very English in character. Most of our spring-flowers are abundant, and come into bloom a month or six weeks sooner than with us. Some which are more or less rare in England are very common. The yellow wood-sorrel is on all the hedge-banks. The green hellebore and the lung-wort fill every copse. The vernal squill makes the moors look gay, opening its stars amongst the Cornish heath. Some plants, which are not English, may be found even early in the year. Such are the scarlet anemone, the *Lathrea clandestina*, the *Scilla lilio-hyacinthus*, and the *Erythronium Dens-canis*.

The opponents of Garat had certainly the best of it on mere geographical considerations; but to amalgamate Bearn and the Basque provinces was, sixty years ago, rather a hazardous enterprise. The Bearnois was proud of his blood. If his dialect did not conform to the rules of the French Academy, it was in his opinion only different, not corrupt, and he could point to at least one Augustan age which had illustrated his literature. The Basque, on the other hand, valued himself on belonging to a race which had dwelt in the land long ages before even the Celts appeared, who were gradually driven westward by various swarms of invaders, till they have become what we see them now—"a feeble folk," still clinging to their old traditions amongst the wild and wind-swept heaths of the Finisterre and the Morbihan.

The Basques, known in ancient history as Iberians or Cantabrians, call themselves Euskarians. M. Chaho, the author of the work before us, and the compiler of a Basque dictionary, derives this word from Esku, the hand—because, he says, the Basque language, in the opinion of those who first spoke it, denoted and defined all things as distinctly as if it had pointed them out with the hand. The Basque race, at one period, inhabited a large part of the Spanish peninsula, and the north of Africa. It is also far from impossible that they may have had settlements in Sicily. In the north of Africa, the names of a great number of places are so clearly Basque, that a peasant of the western Pyrenees, if he heard them mentioned, would conclude that they were villages or hamlets of his own land. Such are Arzabal, *the town of the great rock*, and Arrajain, *town of the lofty rock*. The Basque vocabulary is poor in all that class of words so necessary to a highly civilized people, which relate to the arts and sciences. Its grammar, unlike that of many barbarous tribes, is remarkable for its simplicity. Premising that M. Chaho is given to strong expressions, we leave him to speak for himself:—

Unencumbered by prepositions and the rules connected with them, the Euskarian supplies their place by a system of declension which may be said to be without a rival in any known language. It has one indefinite abstract number, and the singular and plural; about sixty terminations in all, or thereabouts, which one may learn by heart in a few hours. Add two or

three rules of euphony to please the ear, and when you can decline one Basque word, you can decline all without exception. Such is the inappreciable advantage of a synthetic language, of which the perfect simplicity equals the invariable regularity. Let us take for granted, reader, that you have a bad memory, or that you are indolent. With a table of Euskarian declension, five or six pages in all, an account of the euphonic variations, and a dictionary which will tell you the meanings of the words, you will be able to translate every Basque phrase from beginning to end, except the verb which may be contained in it. The verb! But there is only one with two forms of conjugation, and if it so happens that your vocabulary contains all the forms of this verb in every dialect, as is the case with the quadrilingual dictionary on which I am at work, you will be able in one day to take up a Basque book and translate it word for word without ever having learned the Euskarian language; and you will translate without making mistakes. The book you read may contain only commonplace thoughts, may be deficient in style, and poorly written; but it will be always clear and correct; for the Basque is condemned, by the nature of his language, to speak as he should do, under pain of saying nothing. This language is, perhaps, the only one in Europe which every one speaks with equal correctness in all classes of society. The most ignorant Euskarian in the seven provinces is, in this point of view, worthy to have a seat in the National Academy—that is, when *cas* is formed.

The views as to the ease with which the Euskarian tongue may be acquired, which are expressed in this paragraph, hardly agree with the testimonies to its difficulty which we have quoted above. Whichever of the two conflicting opinions may be the correct one, it is at least certain that the student who desires to settle the question for himself, will not be troubled by learning the Basque equivalents for a great many words which are in every-day use in civilized countries. The Euskarian tongue has borrowed these in France from French, and in Spain from Spanish. Before we leave this subject we may quote a few words of a Euskarian love-song:—

Charmagarria,
Lo ziradia,
Estitarzunec bethia?
Lo bazirade
Iratza zite?
Etxiradia
Loz ase?

This means "Charming girl, art thou asleep, O thou that art full of sweetness? If thou art still asleep, awake! Art thou not yet wearied with sleeping?"

The Basque districts which belong to France now form the arrondissements of Bayonne and Mauleon. Many old customs still linger amongst them. One of the most curious of these, is a sort of dancing procession called the *Mascarade*, in which all the actors wear fancy dresses. They arrive on the outskirts of the village where the representation is to take place. A barricade is erected. They force this, firing pistols and shouting *zinkha, irrintzina*; and the whole party, with the Bouhame-jauna or king of the gypsies, the Artzana or shepherd, and his enemy the bear, the Zamalzain, who represents and travesties the chivalry of Navarre, and many other personages, rush into the principal street. This ballet occupies a long time and has many incidents, not the least exciting of which is a combat between the shepherd and the bear, who carries off one of his lambs to the top of a house. Another favourite amusement of the Basque peasants is a rude play or *pastoral*, in which the leading events of the life of some eminent man, or perhaps some narrative from the Bible, are reproduced. The history of Napoleon, divided into three acts—the Consulate, the Empire, and St. Helena—has formed the subject of several of these primitive dramas, which date not improbably from the time when some Cantabrian savage found his way back from Rome to his native mountains. The talent of improvisation is far from being uncommon amongst the Euskarians. The most famous bard who is remembered on the French side of the border was Benat Mardo of the district of Soule, whose ready flow of ideas and quick wit hardly ever failed him at festival or banquet.

We have quoted a few lines of Basque. We will add a verse or two in Bearnais, selecting, as an example, one of the most popular songs of the Pyrenees:—

Aquerres mountaines
Qui ta hâutes soun
M'empêchen de bedé
Mas amous ouen soun,
Si saby las bedé
Ou las rencontra,
Passery l'ayquette
Cheus pou dé'm nega,
Aquerres mountaines
Qué's abacheran
Et mas amourettes
Qué parecheran.

These lines may be translated as follows:—"These mountains, which are so high, prevent my seeing where my beloved is. If I knew that I should see her or meet her, I would pass the torrent without any fear of being drowned. These mountains will be made low, and my love will appear."

Our readers will not be surprised to learn that, although the united department of the Basses Pyrénées gets on quietly enough in all public matters, it is still found desirable in families to have servants either all Basque or all Bearnais.

M. Chaho's book is a very curious one. It consists of about 650 pages. All that is really valuable in it might be easily put into 150. Indeed it is worth buying as a "shocking example" of what an itinerary should not be. Still, although its trivialities often provoke the reader, and although it excites rather than satisfies curiosity, we would advise any one who thinks of

travelling in the south-west of France, to spend an hour or two in turning over its pages. In addition to the parts of it which refer to the subjects on which we have touched, he will find a large collection of Basque proverbs translated into French, some useful local information about Biarritz and Bayonne, and some historical notices. One of these relates to a curious race of people. The Cagots, or, as M. Chaho calls them, Agoths, were, he says, the descendants of Goths, who, when the Saracen arms had subdued a large part of Spain, took refuge amongst the Euskarians. They were treated very inhospitably, and when leprosy had been introduced into the Pyrenees by the returning Crusaders, they were obliged to live with the lepers, and were put under the ban of the State. A curious law of the district of Soule, which was directed against these unfortunate, and remained in force till 1789, is quoted by M. Chaho. This account, we fear, does not explain the mystery of the Cagots. It is much more probable that they were descended either from Mussulmen or from some heretical sect. The intense hatred with which they were regarded can only have arisen from some difference in religious belief.

M. Chaho proposes to add to his work a third part, which is to contain the Euskarian Flora, and information about the mammals, birds, insects, &c., of the Western Pyrenees. We trust it may be less diffuse than the volumes before us. Something of the kind is very much wanted.

MORNING CLOUDS.*

WHO will say that we live in a prosaic and utilitarian age, when he looks at the titles of our books? Are they not full of poetry, and fanciful imagery, and mystic meanings? Above all, do they ever give a plain matter-of-fact individual any idea of the contents of the works they profess to describe? In the case before us, we were at a loss, on reading the advertisement, to decide whether *Morning Clouds* was a novel, or a volume of poems, or a scientific work on certain collections of vapour in the atmosphere. What was our astonishment, on opening it, to discover that it ought properly to have been called *Letters of Advice to Young Ladies on Serious Subjects*—*Morning Clouds* being merely a fanciful designation for being crossed in love, losing one's temper, quarrelling with one's friends, and other sorrows of that nature, especially apt to beset the earlier years of life. We protest against this sort of thing. It is the old story of medicine in sugar, over again in another form; and though perhaps, in the present case, considering who the patients are, there is more excuse than usual for the sugar, we are still disposed to prefer frankness and plain dealing, even in such trifles as the name of a book. But, having made our protest, we cordially recommend these letters to all our readers. They are full of good sense and right feeling, and are the work of a very graceful and highly cultivated mind. Moreover, they show great knowledge of the human heart, and the suggestions they contain are eminently practical and wholesome, while they are offered in a spirit which proves that the authoress has known the sorrows of which she treats too well not to be aware of the great tenderness needful in touching them, if any benefit is to be afforded to the young and over-sensitive sufferer. Truly does she say—"Hearts that are faint and wounded must be led back to the combat with great gentleness."

Her remarks on education and choice of studies are thoroughly good, and so is her defence of novel-reading, which we here extract:—

The young have been warned against the ill effects of works of fiction ever since good and wise people have been able to write; let us understand what these pernicious works are. A one-sided party-history; an exaggerated portraiture of character in biography; moralizing that ignore what human nature really is, and careful siftings of theological arguments no longer opposed, with many other well-intentioned, but weakly executed writings, are, in my opinion, more dangerous, more full of fiction, than hundreds of the novels and poems included in this suspected class of books. For a novel or a poem that is really worth reading has its whole *essence* based on *truth*; it is the artistic development of truths too subtle perhaps for the notice of common observers, but too deep-rooted in humanity to be unrecognised by all, when uttered. You cannot be too familiar with such works when their magic is unspelled by moral impurity; and from acquaintance with those that are, either the warning of friends or your own instinct will, I trust, for ever deter you.

I know that I advocate an opinion that will be scouted by many, when I profess no great reluctance to young minds feeding largely on romances, and even second-rate novels. I look upon it as a temporary disease which will pass away harmlessly if their nobler appetites are at the same time supplied with *suitable provision*. While there is an inclination for the rubbish of literature, I firmly believe it may be *satiated* without permanent damage; and perhaps the soil on which all the novelist's trash was piled may be left something richer for that incongruous accumulation. The heart itself, the imagination of which is only evil continually, will, unaided, produce the wildest and the most perilous webs of fiction—and cherish them with a closer grasp when they have the prestige of being unparalleled by any external impression: whereas the novel reader finds her tender dreams tossed about in broad daylight, and suffering all the vicissitudes of the first, second, and third volume. Her own emotions being thus vulgarized, and evidently worked up for sale, the reader must be an incurable if she continues to expect the perfect denuolement of her private romance, or the prolongation of third-volume ecstasies.

We can only add to this our own experience, that every one we have ever known whose intellectual powers have been at all above the average has been a greedy reader of fictions.

* *Morning Clouds*. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

We also beg to draw attention to the excellent advice on the art of dress, in the fifth chapter. We cannot quote it at full length, but we must find room for the opening sentences:—

Last in acknowledged dignity, though in reality it occupies a broader place, is the art of dress: and do not let us despise it because in theory it is often assigned to the care of triflers. Since by appearances we express ourselves to all around us, at all times of our life, it greatly concerns us that the expression should be habitually as pleasing, and as truly fitted to our nature and circumstances, as careful taste can make it. To dress becomingly requires a good deal of thought, and a patient attention to all the niceties of propriety; need one say more than this to prove it a woman's right business?

The following remarks on the duty of pleasure are likewise noteworthy:—

If from any cause your days are very dull and dark, try to find out some employment which gives you decided pleasure, or even mere amusement, and prosecute the employment as much as other duties permit; for, you see, I hold pleasure to be a duty; we greatly need it, and if we have none, we are to a degree disabled for increasing the happiness of others.

If moral works were oftener written in this key, we believe a great deal more good would be done by them than has been hitherto the case. When people, especially young ladies, are convinced that to be agreeable, and happy, and well-dressed, are duties, or rather part of the great Christian law of charity—that nothing is a trifle which can increase the sunshine of home life—and that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well—a great step in the improvement of society will have been made, and we shall be much less likely to hear a repetition of that pathetic cry, recorded in the pages of *Punch* some years ago—"The world is hollow, and my doll is stuffed with bran, and I want to go into a convent!" Let us not be misunderstood. We would not for a moment be supposed to underrate the services done to humanity by Sisters of Charity and their *collaborateurs* among ourselves. On the contrary, we regard them with the deepest reverence and the most humble and heartfelt admiration. But we must not forget that their life is, and must always be, the exception, not the rule—that a woman's proper place is home—that her proper position is that of wife and mother, and that all the teaching of her life should tend to fit her for this place and this position. If this is well and rightly done, there is no danger of its unfitting her for the other and exceptional work, should that be her portion after all—as it may very possibly be, for we are at present unlikely to see the accomplishment of the great wish of one of the most powerful and popular of our living writers, that "all good men should marry all good women." What we do wish to blame is a certain unhealthy tendency which arose some years ago, and which we hope is already upon the wane, to reverse this order of things—to represent the exceptional as the natural, and thereby, according to the unsailing consequence of a breach in the law of truth, to do all that was in its power to unfit women for either. This baneful school must speedily fall before common sense and increasing light, and such books as *Morning Clouds* deal "heavy blows and great discouragement" to it. As to the marriage-market existing in certain circles of so-called "fashionable life," we trust that the day will soon be over when any man of education will choose his wife in it, or any woman of refinement submit to the degradation of its laws.

Before closing these remarks, we wish to temper our praise of the work before us with one word of warning. In several passages, personal influence over others is pressed on the attention of the reader as a strong motive for action. We believe this to be, though very specious, a most dangerous doctrine. In almost every case, this desire of influence quickly degenerates into mere love of power; and when that has once seized on any one, but more especially on a woman, truth, honour, and love are apt to fail, if not to die utterly, in its poisonous atmosphere. The only good and wholesome influence is that which unconsciously proceeds from a really noble and virtuous character, and no other kind can ever safely be placed before young people as a worthy object of endeavour. With this single exception, we approve of the teaching of *Morning Clouds* as much as we admire its style, and we hope that it may soon become the general favourite which we think it deserves to be.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

THIS is no laborious compilation, but a lively series of sketches, written with a felicity of diction and acuteness of insight which cause us to regret an occasional flippancy and artificial liveliness unworthy of so serious a subject. In the endeavour to be agreeable to the frivolous, M. Taine has forfeited the good word of serious readers, who, after all, will be the only readers his volume is likely to attract.

The first sketch is of M. Laromiguière, who, early in the present century, drew large audiences by the charm of his diction and the polished ease of his manner, although his doctrine was that of Condillac with the smallest possible modification—namely, the distinction established between passive sensation and active attention, which Condillac united under the one head of sensation. M. Taine describes that writer's style in a passage which may itself be cited as a model of style:—

Rien de plus agréable que ces fines distinctions et ces ingénieuses analyses. La science n'a pas coutume d'avoir tant d'aisance, ni la psychologie tant de

* *Les Philosophes Français du Dix-neuvième Siècle*. Par M. H. Taine. Paris. 1857.

grâce : et ce qui ajoute à leur prix, c'est qu'elles ne font point sortir le public du terrain où il a coutume de se sentir ; elles semblent le complément d'un cours de langue ou de littérature ; l'auteur décompose une fable de Lafontaine pour faire le catalogue des opérations de l'esprit, une phrase de Buffon pour prouver que tout raisonnement est un composé de propositions identiques. Les grands auteurs font cercle autour de sa chaire ; il en descend le plus souvent qu'il peut et leur cède la parole ; il prétend qu'ils sont les meilleurs maîtres d'idéologie, et que leur style est toute une logique. Il nous renvoie à leurs livres, il ramène la philosophie à l'art d'écrire, et à force de se rapprocher d'eux, mérite presque d'être rangé à côté d'eux.

Does not this inspire the reader with the desire to make further acquaintance both with the work of M. Laromiguère and with that of his critic ?

In the notice of M. Royer-Collard, the same excellence is noticeable. M. Taine points out the remarkable merits of that writer, and the source of his defects. Royer-Collard was a moralist rather than a metaphysician, and sought, in the doctrines of the Scotch school, arms to combat the scepticism and materialism of the epoch, convinced that any doctrine must be good which lent its aid to morality. The proper object of the philosopher, however, is not morality, but truth :—“ M. Royer-Collard est un amateur du bon ordre. Pratique et morale, sa philosophie a pour but, non le vrai, mais la règle.” M. Taine avows that, for his part, he is no gendarme, and cares not to “ faire la police en philosophie.” Truth is the object of philosophy :—“ Si on cherche autre chose, on est sûr de trouver autre chose.” And his reply to Royer-Collard on this point is masterly. But while pointing out the imperfection of the Scotch school in point of philosophical doctrine, he is eloquent in recognition of Royer-Collard's power as a writer :—“ S'il détruisait la théorie de Condillac, il gardait son style ; il lui emprunta sa clarté pour lui prendre ses lecteurs.” Voltaire might have signed that sentence ; and this, too, is admirable, which concludes a passage cited from Royer-Collard :—“ La démonstration acharnée finit par une accumulation d'images magnifiques. C'est un vainqueur, qui sur ses ennemis tombés étaie la pourpre éclatante de son manteau. Involontairement, et sans cesse, il aboutit au grandiose.” Again he says :—“ Il invente des expressions superbes, qu'on n'oublie plus, images puissantes qui condensent sous un jet de lumière de longues suites d'abstractions obscures.” One can pardon many a questionable page for the sake of such writing as that—although one is surprised to find pages so questionable amid pages so excellent. Even when he is discussing the abstruse questions of metaphysics, M. Taine irradiates them with some sparkling epigram or some charming image—as, for example, when discussing the theory of perception, he imagines the reader in a reverie, gazing at his fire, and mentally seeing a forest :—

Vous apercevez les pans de ciel lointain au bout des allées, des têtes de biches perçues, des volées d'oiseaux effarés ; vous entendez le bourdonnement des insectes, des bruissements de feuilles, les chuchotements du vent arrêté entre les branches. Si une bûche roule, vous sursautez étonné : sur les charbons noircis flottent encore des restes de la vision brisée.

The notice of Maine de Biran is a well-timed satire on the obscurity of that much-praised and little-read metaphysician. “ On n'a point d'adversaires quand on n'a point de lecteurs,” says M. Taine ; and he proceeds to justify the French public for not having read Maine de Biran, by analysing some of the more important passages, and translating them, as far as possible, into intelligible language, in which they make a very insignificant appearance.

The notice of Victor Cousin is the most extensive and elaborate in the volume. It treats of him as a writer, as an historian and biographer, as a philosopher, and as a philologist. The first section, in which ample justice is done to M. Cousin's undeniable merits as a rhetorician, is itself a lecture on style ; and the analysis of the passages quoted serves not only to elicit the sources of M. Cousin's success, but to elicit also some of the cardinal qualities of good French writing. In the second section there is some good *persiflage* and some hard hitting, winding up with this remark :—

Que conclure de tout ceci ? que les facultés de l'orateur ne sont point celles de l'historien ni du peintre. Faites d'un orateur un historien : il laissera de côté les traits distinctifs et les caractères propres du temps qu'il décrit ; son récit deviendra un panégyrique et une leçon ; il composera des dissertations, des démonstrations et des tirades.

In the examination of M. Cousin's philosophy there is a merciless exposure of his vacillations, contradictions, and absurdities. In the examination of M. Cousin as “ érudit et philologue,” M. Taine omits—out of kindness, we must suppose—the fact familiar to all Paris, that M. Cousin only put his name to the translation of Plato and the edition of Proclus, writing the introductions to the one and some trifling notes to the other, but leaving the real work to others. Among the translators, unnamed, of the dialogues which M. Cousin publishes as his own, are Godfrey Cavaignac, George Farcy, Armand Marrast, and, we believe, Jules Simon.

More sympathizing and respectful is the notice of Jouffroy, who is analysed by M. Taine with great finesse. Very interesting also is the chapter in which he examines the reasons of the success obtained by eclecticism, in spite of its incompetence as a philosophic doctrine. “ Si nous avions besoin de croire que les crocodiles sont des dieux,” he satirically remarks, “ demain, sur la Place du Carrousel, on leur élèverait un temple.” It was solely because political parties had need of the support of philosophy that eclecticism succeeded ; but with that political need the doctrine has vanished. As M. Taine finely says—“ Les grandes inclinations publiques sont passagères ; parcequ'elles

sont grandes, elles se contentent ; et parcequ'elles se contentent, elles finissent.”

The final chapter of the work is on Method, and is not the least interesting of the book. We have quoted enough to fix the reader's attention on a publication which, in the present dearth of literature in France, is likely to attract considerable notice.

STILL WATERS.*

IT is amusing to watch how perversely a reviewer will at times misrepresent an author, especially if he is making a narrow code of second-hand morality—or, worse still, a religious system—duty in place of a little human sympathy and understanding. We feel, for instance, the other day, on a sufficiently crabbed and stupid review of this very book, in which, amid other complaints, the critic had thought proper to make this—that the authoress depicted most of her male characters as “ gentlemanlike ” (would she have been excused had she called them “ gentlemanly ”) ; and that most of the disagreeable people are “ vulgar.” “ There is,” sagely remarks the reviewer, “ a good deal of conventionalism, not to say cant, in all this, as though the authors wished to show their readers that they were accustomed to the most ‘gentled’ and even ‘aristocratic’ society.”

We should have thought that one especial charm of *Still Waters*, as of *Dorothy* and *De Cressy*, was that they exactly do not do this, and therefore stand in most agreeable contrast to so-called fashionable novels. When *Dorothy* appeared, the first criticism we heard on it was—“ Here is some one who has evidently lived all her life among real ladies and gentlemen, for she takes them all for granted.” Instead of giving herself the least trouble to show that the society she describes is aristocratic, or “ the world ”—belongs, in short, to that circle which reviewers, clerical or other, are just as glad to enter as their neighbours—instead of doing this, and so becoming *ipso facto* vulgar, she simply takes the thing for granted, and says nothing about it. She “ takes for granted ” that her characters are gentlemen and ladies, and makes them take it for granted, too ; and therefore she also takes for granted all manner of accessories and stage properties which a vulgar-minded author is very careful to specify. She is in no wise exalted or astonished at the honour of having to introduce the public to lords and ladies of her own creation. She stops not to bow down before her own handiwork, still less to ask the public hesitatingly whether they do not think his lordship wondrous fine—for, if not, she will make him a little finer. In a word, she never reminds us of Bulwer or Disraeli. She draws such people as they are, only distinguished from the “ vulgar ” by more ease and self-possession, more carefulness for their neighbours' feelings, more freedom from self-consciousness—at least, as in the admirably-drawn Evelyn Gascoigne, by more power of concealing self-consciousness. One feels it a real comfort to meet in these pages people who can take a hint—who, however unintellectual, are clever enough to see when they are going too far, and touching on sore subjects. They are infinitely better company, even the stupidest of them, than genius or prophetess who is all angles and arguments, and, like Martial's thin woman—

Digito pungit, et radit genu—

and then, after having poked a hole in your tenderest spot, insist first, on your fully explaining to her why she has hurt your feelings, and next on her explaining to you why she has a right to be as unpleasant as she likes. This is vulgarity—to be so absorbed in self-love or self-opinion as not to be able to take hints—to lose the quick-sighted humanity which only comes by charity ; and this is why the authoress of *Still Waters* makes “ vulgar ” and “ disagreeable ” pretty nearly synonymous terms. But to draw the sort of people among whom she lives, for the edification of their own class, is not vulgarity, but common sense, which bids authors write on the subjects which they understand best, and which ensures that just success which these very books have had, and ought to have.

Exceptio probat regulam ; and there is a character in the book which, by its very faults, proves how closely good breeding and moral health are connected. Clara Gascoigne is as well-born and well-bred as the rest—graceful and clever beyond the average, with plenty of insight into people, when she chooses to use it ; but, simply because she is occupied with self, she is too often disagreeable, cruel, vulgar in the very deepest sense. Poor thing ! she has her excuses—she is spoilt by luxury, *la montée* by admiration and success—and she has her natural punishment in marrying a man who does not care for her, who will probably make her miserable, and leave her to fall into some fearful scrape. She is a human character enough, consistent in her inconsistencies ; but vulgar she is, in spite of her breeding and vulgar of course she is meant to be. So Clara's character is necessary to the book. It justifies the authoress from any suspicion that she fancies good breeding an inalienable property of the mere accident of good birth. It shows that she has heard, as too many have, boastful, coarse, base, or cruel words come from lips which seem usually only “ full of grace,” under the sudden pressure of vanity, ambition, or spite. She knows that people are never so certain to forget themselves as when they are thinking most of themselves, and that nothing can keep down the innate “ snobbishness ” which lies in the heart of

* *Still Waters*. By the Author of “ Dorothy.” 2 vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

every son of Adam, from a Prince Regent in his Court down to the showy young farmer swaggering in the hunting-field, save moral elevation—that nothing can permanently ensure grace in man save the grace of God.

As for the story, it is the old story, which is always new. It is the story which began in Eden and repeats itself to this day, for ever the same, and yet for ever varied—the story of how Jocky wood, and Jenny wed—which, after all, is the pleasantest, and all but the wholesomest, story which man can write, or man can read. Whether or not it be worked out with sufficient art, let others settle. "Situations," and "incidents," and "sustained interest," and all which professed novel-readers are said by critics to demand, are, after all, of very secondary importance to the general manner of the book. *C'est le ton qui fait la musique*; and the simplest melody will stir the heart, if the instrument be but sweet, and the hand skilful. We go to a lady's novel, not for plot, but for character—for those delicate *nuances* of feeling and motive which coarser man must never hope to reproduce—which, little in themselves, yet, going down to the deepest roots of our nature, make up a true woman's life, and make up the life, too, of the man whose days are passed by a true woman's side.

What we men are, we know too well; and we want no Jane Eyres to caricature to us vices and failings of which women know neither the excuses nor the aggravations. It is of themselves that we wish women to speak, when they address us. Let them tell us something of that daily miracle of their own heart, which astonishes and shames us more and more, the more it becomes to us as common as our daily food—the very element in which we breathe. Let them explain themselves to us, and tell us why they are fools enough to love us—so far, at least, as they can do so without betraying the secrets of their fellow-women; and we will humbly thank them, as we thank the authoress of *Still Waters*, as often as they lift but the least corner of the veil which covers that most gracious and graceful mystery.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The circulation of the SATURDAY REVIEW has increased so largely as to render it impossible to carry on the publication any longer on the premises of Messrs. JOHN W. PARKER AND SONS. Those gentlemen, to whom the best thanks of the Proprietors are due for their exertions in promoting the interests of the REVIEW, will now discontinue their connexion with it; and a new Office will be established at No. 39, Southampton-street, Strand, to which, on and after the 9th of May, the Proprietors request that all Advertisements and Communications may be addressed.

As many applications have been made for the entire series of the REVIEW from its commencement, it may be convenient to state that the Numbers of which the impression is exhausted will be shortly reprinted. A few bound copies of Volumes I. and II. will also be prepared; and it is requested that persons desirous of obtaining them will intimate their wish without delay to the Publisher, at the new Office.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—PICCOLOMINI, GIUGLINI, BELLINI, VIALETTI, POCCHINI.

First night of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

On TUESDAY next, MAY 5th (first time these six years),

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

LUCIA—PICCOLOMINI (her first appearance in that part). EUGENIO—GIUGLINI.

LA ESMERALDA—POCCCHINI (her last appearance but four).

On THURSDAY next, MAY 7th,

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR and LA ESMERALDA.

For particulars see Bills.

A limited number of Boxes in the half-circle tier have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had on application at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mrs. ANDERSON, Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Instructor to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice, Her Royal Highness the Princess Helena, and His Royal Highness the Prince Alfred, has the honour to inform her patrons and friends, that her ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in Her Majesty's Theatre, Monday, May 18th, 1857, commencing at Half-past One o'clock precisely. On which occasion, by an arrangement effected with the Direction, she will be supported by all the principal artists, and the orchestra, and chorus of that establishment. Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box-Office at the Theatre, and at Mrs. Anderson's residence, 34, Nottingham-place, York-gate.

E X H I B I T I O N O F A R T T R E A S U R E S
ON THE

UNITED KINGDOM,

OPEN AT MANCHESTER, MAY 5th, 1857.

SEASON TICKETS, £2 2s., may be obtained at the Offices of the Exhibition, 100, Mosley-street, Manchester; also in London, W. H. SMITH & SON, 180, Strand; Mr. SAMS', Royal Library, St. James's-street; Mr. MITCHELL'S, Royal Library, New Bond-street; LETTS & CO., Royal Exchange; SMITH & CO., 157, Strand; and at HIME & SONS, Church-street, Liverpool.—By order,

THOMAS HAMILTON, Secretary.

Inquiries as to APARTMENTS may be made from Mr. SAMUEL HADEN, Offices of the Exhibition, 100, Mosley-street, Manchester.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM, LIBRARY, and DINING-ROOM, consisting of a great variety of Vases, Figures, Groups, Inkstands, Candlesticks, Inlaid Tables, &c., in Derbyshire Spar, Marble, Italian Alabaster, Bronze, &c., manufactured and imported by J. TENNANT, 140, Strand, London.

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CIRCULAR NOTES and LETTERS OF CREDIT free of expense are issued by this Bank, payable by its correspondents in all the principalities and towns on the Continent of Europe, in the British Colonies and Dependencies, and in Foreign Parts.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—The Bank of England having raised the Discount rate to £6 1/2 per Cent., this Bank now allows £5 1/2 per Cent. Interest on sums deposited with three days' notice of withdrawal.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS are received, with allowance of Interest to Customers, and every description of legitimate banking business undertaken.

MATTHEW MARSHALL, Jun., Manager.
BENJAMIN SCOTT, Secretary.

Threadneedle-street, April 6, 1857.

E Q U I T A B L E A S S U R A N C E S O C I E T Y.
OFFICE—NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS. ESTABLISHED IN 1762.

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The Equitable is a Mutual Society, and the whole of the profits are appropriated to the benefit of the Assured.

Assurances may be effected for any sum not exceeding £10,000 on one and the same Life.

A Weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive Proposals for New Assurances.

A short account, explanatory of the advantages and security afforded to Assureds, may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from 10 to 4 o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

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Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

BONUS TABLE.

Showing the additions made to Policies of £1000 each.

Date of Insurance.	Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851.	Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1851.		Sum Payable after Death.
		£	s.	
1820	523 16 0	114	5 0	1638 1 0
1825	382 14 0	103	14 0	1486 8 0
1830	241 12 0	93	2 0	1334 14 0
1835	185 3 0	85	17 0	1274 0 0
1840	128 15 0	84	13 0	1213 8 0
1845	65 15 0	79	18 0	1145 13 0
1850	10 0 0	75	15 0	1085 15 0
1855	—	15	0 0	1015 0 0

And for intermediate years in proportion.

The next appropriation will be made in 1861.

Insurances, without participation in Profits, may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

LADY FRANKLIN'S FINAL SEARCH.—The Government having come to the conclusion that the fate of the crews of Her Majesty's ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, requires no further investigation on their part, Lady Franklin, in accordance with her sense of what is due to the lost navigators, is now fitting out an expedition at her own cost.

As a preliminary measure she sought assistance from the Admiralty, by asking for the loan of the Arctic ship *Resolute*, which had been restored in perfect order to our Queen by the American nation, and also for the gift (as granted in her former private expeditions) of such stores from Her Majesty's dockyard as are available for this special service only.

Compliance with these requests having been declined, Lady Franklin is now devoting her whole fortune to this final search; and a large screw yacht (the *Fox*) lying at Aberdeen, has been purchased, which the distinguished Arctic officer who has accepted the command of her (Captain McClintock, R.N.) has pronounced to be perfectly adapted to this employment.

Not repeating the arguments we formerly made use of to induce the Government to undertake a final and exhaustive search, we hold to the opinion that it is the duty of Englishmen to examine that limited area whence the traces of their missing countrymen were derived, which, though it lies to the south of well-searched tracts, and has been approached by vessels that returned without loss, has never yet been explored.

Supported by the advice of those experienced Arctic seamen, in whom she has every reason to confide, Lady Franklin makes this last effort to clear away the mystery that shrouds the fate of her husband and his crews, and possibly to rescue from their insulated icy abode among the Esquimaux some of his younger companions, who may still be prolonging a dreary existence.

On such an occasion we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, feel confident that this our appeal will not remain unanswered by the British people, who will, we doubt not, tender to the widow of the illustrious navigator that sympathy which his fame and her devotion must call forth, and will aid her in carrying out an enterprise involving, as we believe, the honour of the nation.

We earnestly, therefore, entreat our countrymen to unite with us in contributing to this noble object.

(Signed) Roderick I. Murchison, Pres. R. Geographical Society, F.R.S.; Francis Beaufort, Rear-Admiral, F.R.S. & F.R.G.S.; Wrottesley, Pres. R. Society; Edward Sabine, Treas. R. Society; Robert Brown, F.R.S., V.P.L.S.; Richard Collinson, Captain R.N., F.R.G.S.; John Barrow, F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

Subscriptions already received:—

Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President Royal Geographical Society, F.R.S.	£100 0 0
John Barrow, F.R.S., F.R.G.S.	25 0 0
Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, F.R.G.S.	10 0 0
Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B., F.R.G.S.	5 0 0
Lord Wrottesley, Pres. Royal Society	5 0 0
General Sabine, Treasurer Royal Society, F.R.G.S.	25 0 0
Robert Brown, V.P.L.S., F.R.S.	20 0 0
Captain Collinson, R.N., C.B., F.R.G.S.	20 0 0
Colonel Sykes, M.P., F.R.S.	25 0 0
Le Feuvre, Esq.	5 0 0
Mr. De La Roquette, Vice-President Royal Geographical Society of Paris, 1000f.	3 2 0
Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., F.R.G.S.	2 0 0
The Hon. Mrs. Fairholme	120 0 0
John Hicks, M.R.I.	2 0 0
Lord Dufferin	25 0 0
The Hon. Fred. Byron, F.R.C.S.	5 0 0
Capt. Washington, R.N., Hydrographer to the Admiralty	21 0 0
Thomas Bell, F.R.S., President Linn. Soc.	10 10 0
William Tite, M.P., F.R.G.S.	5 0 0
John Brown, F.R.G.S.	5 0 0
W. F. Sadler, Esq.	10 10 0

Subscriptions to be paid to Messrs. Coutts and Co., bankers to "Lady Franklin's Final Search Fund."

THE
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ART TREASURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,
WILL OPEN ON TUESDAY, 5th MAY,
AT
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UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN
AND
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
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COLLECTION OF WORKS OF ART,
Ancient and Modern, ever collected, and which there are many reasons for supposing, can never be brought together again.

MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS.—A LARGE ORGAN has been built purposely for the occasion, and kindly lent by Messrs. Kirkland and Jardine, and throughout the season there will be DAILY MUSICAL PERFORMANCES, by a large Orchestra, under the superintendence of Mr. CHARLES HALLE, who will conduct in person each Thursday.

REFRESHMENTS will be provided on an extensive scale, at moderate charges. The EXHIBITION will be OPENED on Tuesday, the 5th May, on which day none but the proprietors of £2 2s. season tickets will be admitted.—Season Tickets may be had at the Building on the day of opening. All Season Tickets presented for the first time must bear the signature of the Owner.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:—From the 6th to 16th May (both days inclusive), 2s. 6d. for each person. On and after Monday, the 18th May, 1s. for each person, except on Thursday each week, when the charge will be 2s. 6d. for each person. N.B.—There will be also certain days (not exceeding eight in all) specially reserved for proprietors of £2 2s. season tickets, of which due notice will be given, by public advertisement, at least seven days beforehand.

SEASON TICKETS, at £2 2s., entitle the proprietors to admission on all occasions when the EXHIBITION is open to the public; tickets at £1 1s., entitle to admission on all but the "reserved days." These Tickets may be procured at the EXHIBITION Building; or at the offices, 100, Mosley-street.

Season Tickets are not transferable, and must be signed by the proprietor, before being presented at the entrance to the Palace, where a book will be kept in which the proprietor will be required to write his or her name whenever requested to do so by the officers of the committee.

HOURS OF EXHIBITION.—The doors will be open daily at Ten o'clock, and will be closed at sunset. A bell will be rung half an hour before closing.

CATALOGUES.—A General Catalogue, price 1s., will be sold in the Palace.

BATH CHAIRS will be provided at a moderate charge for the use of ladies and invalids.

SMOKING in any part of the Palace is strictly prohibited.

NO CHANGE will be given at the doors.

Arrangements are being made with the various railway companies to enable visitors to come direct from any part of the country to the Building. The London and North-Western Railway Company have arranged to convey passengers from London by the 6.15 a.m. train, returning to London in the evening, allowing four or five hours in the EXHIBITION.

Offices, 100, Mosley-street.

THOMAS HAMILTON, Secretary.

MADDLE ROSA BONHEUR'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE HORSE FAIR.—Messrs. P. and D. COLNAGHI and Co. beg to announce that the above Picture is now on View at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, for a limited period.—Admission 1s.

A COLLECTION OF WORKS OF ART made by a Gentleman in ITALY, comprising CHEFS-D'OEUVRES of some of the GREATEST ITALIAN PAINTERS, and a BEAUTIFUL STATUE by PAMPALONI; now exhibiting daily from 10 to 6 o'clock. Admittance, 1s. each person, including catalogue. 12, Pall-Mall East, 2nd Floor.

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EPSOM GRAND STAND. Stalls and Private Boxes may be engaged for the DERBY WEEK.—For particulars, apply to Mr. DOBLING Epsom.

FINISHING FRENCH LESSONS.—M. AUGUSTE MANDROU, M.A., of the Paris Academy, and French Master to the Pimlico Scientific, Literary, and Mechanics' Institution, gives French Lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen on very moderate terms.—Address 36, Coleshill-street, Eaton-square. The highest references given.

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